

The Nation

VOL. XXIV., No. 26.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1919.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K. 3d.; Abroad 1d.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	765	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR...	780
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		POETRY:—	
The Test ...	768	Satur. By Joseph Camp-	
As in the Days of Noë ...	769	bell ...	784
The Awakening ...	770	THE WORLD OF BOOKS ...	786
A Parliament of Industry ...	771	REVIEWS:—	
AN UNIONIST'S APOLOGIA ...	773	An Eastern Anthology ...	788
A LONDON DIARY ...	774	Rough Hints ...	788
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		Baghdad and Beyond ...	792
The Church of God's Wisdom ...	776	A Splinter Looks at the	
Vulgarity ...	777	World ...	794
The Spirit of Russian		BOOKS IN BRIEF ...	796
Socialism ...	778	THE WEEK IN THE CITY ...	796
THE DRAMA:—			
The Faith of a French			
Intellectual. By H. W. M.	779		

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE conversion of Hungary to Bolshevism is the greatest event in Europe since the Armistice was signed. The Karolyi Government has resigned and handed over its powers to the Communists and the Social Democrats. This action was prompted by a Note from the Entente based on a decision made in Paris on February 25th, extending the occupation zone of the Rumanians in Hungary. Karolyi scented in this the intention on the part of the Entente to treat the demarcation lines as the political boundaries of the future, and to use Hungary as a base of operations against Russia. This, he described as contrary to the Armistice Convention of November 13th, and, as he was unable to co-operate in the Paris Conference, he turned, as he put it, "from the Paris Peace Conference to the proletariat of the world for justice and support."

* * *

KAROLYI's offer was eagerly accepted by the Communists, who immediately instituted a Government of extreme Socialists. The President is Garbai, the Home Office is given to Landler, the Treasury to Baga, Education to Kunfy, the Foreign Office to Bela Kun, and the War Office to Pogany, the President of the Soldiers' Council. Budapest was swiftly secured; the frontiers were closed, and the new Government got quickly to work. It placed itself under the protection of the Moscow Government, and introduced forthwith several radical measures; alcohol was prohibited, and all bank deposits confiscated; a state of siege was declared, and iron discipline introduced. Further, the new Government announced its intention of protecting the integrity of Hungarian territory against the Czechs and Rumanians. It is not yet clear what attitude the peasants will take; they were pretty solid behind Karolyi, but there is no doubt that the prospect of their getting the land from their landlords will induce them to support the new Government.

* * *

ALL this has taken place so swiftly that it looks as though there was some collusion between the old and

the new Governments. Both put the blame on Paris; both proclaim their disappointment with the Western Democracies. Karolyi is a sincere man, and a staunch supporter of the new order created by the Revolution (he has given 60,000 acres of his estates to the State); but his Government has been beset with difficulties, particularly with regard to the various nationalities in Hungary. At bottom Karolyi is an intense patriot, with the old conception of Hungary as a united State dominated by Magyars. Since the Armistice he has had to make concession after concession to the demands of different nationalities for autonomy, and both the Czechs and the Rumanians have been hard at work using their alliance with the Entente to their own advantage against Hungary. The Note presented by Colonel Vix, the head of the Entente Commission, was the breaking point. Both Karolyi and the Communists agree that the dictatorship of the proletariat is now the only means of saving the country from anarchy and disintegration. Thus the appeal of the new Government to the country has a double force. It is both nationalist and economic, and as such should be certain to bring the masses of the population behind it.

* * *

THUS, overnight, M. Pichon's paper plan collapses before the new factors that have never been grasped by Western diplomats. His wall, extending from the Baltic, through Poland and Rumania, to the Black Sea, has been broken and Bolshevism is set up in Central Europe. Russia, which was to be isolated from the rest of Europe, has burst the cordon, and the tide of Bolshevism is sweeping south-west. The military side of the question is of small account, although Hungary is said to have a larger and better army than is commonly supposed. The chief danger is that of social infection. From Hungary, Poland, Bohemia, Austria, and Rumania are directly threatened by the new development, and in all these countries Bolshevism is more or less potential. Poland has a land problem that is similar to that of Hungary. The Czecho-Slovaks are complaining that they are no better fed than the enemies of the Entente. Both Bulgaria and Rumania are governed by oligarchies which have not the confidence of these countries, but depend for their existence upon the arms of the Entente; and in both these countries radical peasant revolutions have already been suppressed. In Austria, the Workers' Councils, under the able guidance of Friederich Adler, and the Volkwehr under Julius Deutsch, incline strongly to a more radical social revolution, but their policy is determined more by the economic factor for the present. Meanwhile, the Entente refuses to negotiate with Otto Bauer—undoubtedly the ablest mind of the new Austrian Government, because of his former radical tendencies.

* * *

THE only question at the Peace Conference on which any light has been thrown is that of Danzig, and even that is far from satisfactory. The negotiations regarding the landing of Polish troops at Danzig were broken off by M. Noulens, because the Germans declared that the

presence of Polish troops there would only lead to trouble in the town. The Germans offered Königsberg, Memel, and Libau as landing places instead, and also to refer the matter to the Polish Government. But the Entente representatives insisted on Danzig. The latest stage is the arrival of a Note from von Hammerstein to General Nudant at Spa, saying that the German Government could not agree to the landing of Polish troops at Danzig. Further delay in the decision on this point seems to be due to the fact that Mr. Lloyd George is slowly coming round to Mr. Wilson's point of view, and wants to reduce the number of Germans that are to be brought under Polish rule, particularly in the districts of Marienwerder and Rosenberg. Sir William Tyrrell and M. Cambon, however, insist on the original demarcation of the Polish corridor to the sea. This is both unreasonable and unjust. If Poland is given this corridor, it means that Danzig, 95 per cent. of whose inhabitants are German, and a wide strip of German territory along the Vistula, about 90 per cent. of the inhabitants of which are German, would be given to Poland; and, moreover, Germany would be cut off from the purely German territory of Eastern Prussia. Such a step is absolutely indefensible on any of the principles accepted by the Entente. Poland wants access to the sea. It is a comparatively simple matter to make Danzig a free port and give Poland a right of free transit.

THE present situation in Germany is extremely interesting, especially in view of the influences from Hungary. The German Government has two enemies—Bolshevism and the Entente. Naturally, it tries to play one off against the other, but as the Bolsheviks do not fear the Entente, it is compelled to use Bolshevism against the Western Powers. The Government itself is flabby and shaky. It is true, in two senses of the word, that the Spartacists are its only friends, for, in the first place, they consolidate public opinion behind the Government, and, secondly, are useful as a threat to the Entente. How long the Government will manage to keep itself going often seems merely a matter of days. The Workers', Soldiers', and Peasants' Congress on April 6th ought to clear the air.

THE main fact that emerges from the new situation is that the Paris Conference will have to deal immediately with the Bolshevik menace. There are enormous difficulties in the way of its using force. There is another way left. That is, first to feed Russia and for the rest to make Germany the European bulwark against mere aggressive Bolshevism. Once more, this can only be done by creating stable conditions of government in Germany, and again, apart from military occupation, this is only possible by offering Germany a peace that she will feel compelled to accept. If the hints of the coming peace terms in the inspired Press have any foundation of truth, she is unlikely to sign the peace treaty.

A GOVERNMENT that accepted these terms would only be signing its own death-warrant. It is becoming increasingly plain that Germany will refuse to cede any territory with the exception of Alsace-Lorraine, Slesvig, and part of Posen. As for the indemnity that the Prime Minister promised his voters, it cannot be exacted. It is not possible to take Germany's gold, for such an action would mean the disappearance of her credit, the ruin of her industry, and the beginning of the chaos and anarchy, which it is now our vital interest to avoid. The other alternative is that we should lend her the money, take it back from her as an indemnity, and exact

interest. Not only is this ridiculous, but it sells the German people into an indefinite period of slavery. Is it likely that any Government, German or other, could agree to such terms and remain in power? This is a difficult and a personal matter for the Prime Minister. But it must be settled. Germany, by a fatal irony, is now the last barrier between Bolshevism and the sea. And democracy can only be secured in Germany by means of a reasonable peace.

THE suggestion that America's insistence on the incorporation of the Covenant in the Treaty has led to Hungary's secession to Bolshevism, is both unjust and revolting. Indeed, it is an argument which, like a boomerang, recoils upon the thrower. There should have been no hesitation at all about the inclusion of the League of Nations draft. Shorn as it has been to the very quick, it still represents at least the principles of the Entente, and if only this main point was satisfactorily settled, we feel confident that the lesser difficulties would almost automatically settle themselves. The Hungarian collapse is due to the Conference failing to realise that it was more an executive than a deliberative body. Its attention was deflected from the straits to which the Central Powers had been reduced, and its discussions were clogged by the jealousies, ambitions, and calculations of political power. Two distinct camps of thought stand out in Paris: the French and the American. The French still fear Germany with its seventy millions of people. With her experiences still bitterly fresh in memory and the prospect of England and America withdrawing soon from European politics to their economic world-policies, France wants to use the Allies' victory to render Germany powerless for years to come. Italy is jealous of everybody, and adamant in her demands. America, as an outside observer, sees the futility of European politics, and wants to get out of the Old World again, but not before she has proved the convictions that brought her into the war, and shown that Mr. Wilson's principles of equity and humanity are the only effective barriers against Bolshevism.

AND England? Has this country a definite policy in Paris? If it has, then it has been very half-heartedly expressed. Mr. Lloyd George clearly inclines more and more to Mr. Wilson's view. But the "old gang" of diplomats sympathise with the French. On the whole, we get an impression of a compromise and bargain driving. Unless this country is frank with herself and the world, she will again deserve the old description of her as a "race of shopkeepers." This is no time for compromise, for a choice is coming between Bolshevism and Wilsonism, and the powerful moral force which this country can exert must be on the side of the latter. Hungary's action may, therefore, do some good before it is too late to save Europe from further upheaval. So far it has stimulated the Paris Conference to reduce itself to the "Big Four"—Mr. Wilson, M. Clemenceau, Signor Orlando, and Mr. George; all outstanding personal difficulties are to be shelved, and the peace draft is to be ready for Germany by the week-end. But the lesser fry are working for war, not peace. Mr. Churchill almost openly threatens new Russian expeditions, and M. Pichon has demanded the extirpation of Bolshevism as the joint work of the Entente.

TROUBLE has been brewing in Egypt ever since the armistice was signed, and it has finally taken the form of an agitation for independence. It then crystallized into a request from Rushdi Pasha, the President of the Council

of Ministers, to be allowed to take an Egyptian delegation to Paris in order to represent Egyptian interests there. As he refused to keep his demands within certain limits, the request was turned down by the Government. Rushdi's Ministry immediately resigned, and before a new one could be formed, feeling reached such a pitch that four Nationalist leaders were deported to Malta. This was the signal for the outbreak of serious disturbances in Lower Egypt. Alexandria and Cairo were at one time cut off from the rest of the country, owing to well organized attacks on railway and telephone communications. Serious action on the part of the insurgents, however, seems to have been prevented by aeroplanes. Raids were also made by Bedouins from Baharia, but the trouble was apparently got well in hand before General Allenby could leave Paris with full military powers.

THERE seem to be two reasons for the swift spread of the revolt, and both might easily have been prevented. There is the bad treatment of the fellahen during the war. These men have often been enlisted by force in different auxiliary units, and badly treated, with punishment by lashing, for example, whilst serving in these units. Consequently when they returned home they became a useful centre for anti-British propaganda in their villages. The other reason is two-edged; it is due to jealousy of the promotion of the Hedjaz, and the uncertainty of the position of the Moslem population of Syria and Palestine. Other grounds for dissatisfaction are not lacking, particularly the evil state of the education system and the absence of any code of law. And finally, the Nationalist propaganda is never tackled with enlightenment or understanding. Nationalist Egypt has many enlightened and moderate followers, as well as ignorant and violent ones. It should be given a proper inquiry and an opportunity of bringing to light its real grievances.

THE three Interim Reports presented by the various groups on the Coal Commission are of very unequal merit. The coalowners' report is negligible, thin in substance, ill-written, and entirely unconstructive. The Chairman's report, signed also by the three other Government nominees on the Commission, is, from the public point of view, much the most effective. Admirably composed and attractively set out, it presents the Government case in the best possible light, and has the merit of being easily understood and free from obscurity or ambiguity. The Labor report, signed by the six Labor representatives, is a well-reasoned statement of the miners' case; but it suffers from prolixity and lack of style.

ONE definite result of the Commission's work is to discredit once and for all the existing system of mine management, and to make its continuance impossible. Mr. Justice Sankey refrains from pronouncing at the present stage in favor of national ownership. But it is not at all likely that he, or the Commission as a whole, will be able to find any other way out of the difficulty. The plans put forward by the mine-owners for a national trust in which the miners as well as the owners would be included, have found no favor with the Miners' Federation, which stands firm in its demand for public ownership. In any case, a national trust of miners and mine-owners would obviously present a grave danger from the public point of view, and might easily result in an immoral conspiracy against the consumer. It is well that the miners decisively reject it. But if this solution

is rejected, national ownership becomes inevitable. This still leaves for settlement the manner in which the mines are to be administered when they have become the property of the State. In view of Mr. Justice Sankey's declaration in favor of the miners' claim to a share in control, there is good hope of avoiding the dangers of bureaucratic management.

ON the questions of wages and hours, the Labor representatives on the Commission declare in favor of the miners' full demands, basing their arguments principally on the human needs of the miner. Mr. Justice Sankey's Report, which the Government promptly accepted, offers an advance of 2s. a day, or rather less than two-thirds of the miners' claim, a reduction of one hour immediately in the working day, and a further reduction of one hour in 1921 if it is shown that the industry can bear it. On these lines, it seems likely as we write that a settlement will be reached. The miners have certainly not received the suggested compromise in any intransigent spirit. They asked that certain doubtful points should be cleared up, and on these the Government met them at once. They asked for 2s. 6d. a day instead of 2s.; but the Government's refusal to grant this does not seem likely to prevent a settlement. They also asked that the second reduction of one hour should take place in 1920 instead of 1921, and Mr. Bonar Law has left the door open for this if the industry can readjust itself in time. The Miners' Conference has now decided to take a ballot on the question of accepting these terms, and, if the railwaymen's negotiations reach a successful issue, there is little doubt that they will be accepted.

MUCH therefore depends on the result of the railway negotiations. These have now taken a decidedly hopeful turn. The meeting of the railwaymen with Mr. Bonar Law has greatly improved the situation, and at the same time has brought a grave scandal to light. One of the powerful causes for dissatisfaction in the railwaymen's minds was the fear that the railway companies and the railway manager who is President of the Board of Trade would always interpret the concessions in a narrow sense against the real will of the War Cabinet. It was clearly shown by Sir Albert Stanley's attitude at the meeting that this fear is not unfounded; for he definitely placed a much narrower interpretation on certain concessions than, according to Mr. Law's own statement, the War Cabinet intended. These points have now been cleared up, and the prospects of a settlement have accordingly improved. It is not yet certain that the new terms will be accepted. But the signs are favorable.

THE miners have not only shown their statesmanship; they have also done the public a great political service. After arranging for a ballot vote on the terms of settlement, they proceeded to pass an urgency resolution of the greatest importance. This resolution demands the immediate withdrawal of all British troops from Russia, and also calls upon the Government to secure the withdrawal of the troops of the other Allied Powers. Further, it enters an emphatic protest against Mr. Churchill's new Conscription measure as an attempt to fasten Conscription permanently upon this country, and announces the miners' intention to take political and industrial action, jointly with other sections of the workers, to secure the withdrawal of the Bill. It is a refreshing sign that the Labor Movement is not so buried in its own domestic questions as to forget the still wider issues of international policy. Their resolution is the first stroke in a great movement.

Politics and Affairs.

A TEST.

"It is not possible to do justice to this country and to do injustice to any man."—Lord Buckmaster, in the *Repatriation Debate*.

It is a somewhat rueful reflection for British democrats to make that in these times a right and honest word for the good name of the country can only be spoken in the House of Lords. They must, we suppose, console themselves with the thought that character in the Commons has been temporarily, but not permanently, swept away, and that when a moral proposition about the war and the peace is made to the people by their representatives, they will understand it. But for the present we shall do well to admit that the rule of the popular press, like all spiritual tyrannies, is aimed primarily at the enfeeblement of the nation's soul. So long, for example, as it is only permitted to say (with due reserves) that it may be unprofitable to load Germany with indemnities which she cannot pay, but not that it is wrong to do so, because you have no more right to inflict injustice on your enemy than on your friend, it is useless to give the democracy the formal power of self-expression. Nothing is really stirring in its deeper mind. Man goes forward in virtue of his ever finer comprehension of the truth about his life. If this is never presented to him, if he is only addressed as an acquisitive or a fighting animal, or as if his only moral standards were self-love and self-praise, he becomes what Coleridge declared the French Jacobin to be—a slave by his own compulsion. His "representative" institutions are then no help to him. For his "representatives" will only give out what they think is in him. And if you want free speech, you must go for it, temporarily, to his "super-men," that is to say, to people who being placed above the necessity to address themselves continually to the existing popular standards, can refer back to some earlier and better tradition. Needless to say, we do not regard the House of Lords as a permanent or an ideal repository of the better mind of the people. As the debates on the Rent Bill show, it can be as narrowly self-regarding as ever. But for the moment, it happens to contain some half-a-dozen men who, as neither the press can frighten them nor an election extinguish them, insist on giving their honest thought to their countrymen. Such are Lord Buckmaster, Lord Parmoor, and Lord Sheffield. Such, in the debate on the repatriation of the interned Germans, was the Archbishop of Canterbury. Their intervention was of the utmost consequence to England, not because the subject itself is of vast extent, but because of its moral implications. If we admit the real, though not the formal, contention of the Government, that, because your enemy has behaved badly to you you may behave badly to your enemy, it is all up with the only kind of England that we ought to care for. Let us then examine the case for the repatriation of the Germans, as some faithful friends of the British people handled it on Monday night.

Why were these men ever interned? The answer is not doubtful, for it was supplied by many speakers, and no contradiction of any kind came from a member of the Government. Many thousands of enemy aliens were made prisoners during the war. Some thousands remain in that condition, though war has ceased to exist, and our own prisoners, military and civil, have returned to our shores. Their detention was an act of convenience

and precaution. In some cases we could not trust our own folk to respect their lives and property, any more than the German authorities, confronted with the problem of the British civilian prisoner, could trust theirs. Some Germans could find no work, there being British people who, in Lord Crewe's words, think that because a man is of German birth, he should be treated as a "species of vermin." Others were made helpless by the loss of their bread-winners, or the cessation of their industries. Some English people wanted the trade of their German competitors: others wanted to sell their newspapers on an anti-German cry. Both these causes added to the population of the camps. Many of the inmates had given hostages to their new country at the expense of their old, and had sons, two, three, or four, serving with the British forces. According to Lord Lambourne, a member of the Advisory Committee, only a very few—less than 5 per cent.—were even suspected of being spies. To say, therefore, of this class, as the Lord Chancellor said on the platform, but not in the House of Lords, that they were heavily tainted with disloyalty to this country, is to state what is demonstrably and wickedly false. Indeed, many of these imprisoned people not only espoused the cause of Britain, but paid forfeit for their choice. "*I heard of cases*," said the Archbishop of Canterbury in Monday's debate, "*of one, two, and sometimes three sons being killed in the war while the father remained in the internment camp.*" "I do not envy" (added the Archbishop) "the duty of a commandant who had to send news that first one son and then another had been killed in the war, while the father remained interned." Indeed, the character and the disposition of the prisoners were indifferent. They were interned merely because they were Germans, and England being at war with Germany, it was judged well to keep the small German infiltration apart from the mass of the native population.

But the war is over, the old German State is destroyed, all fear of its revival has happily disappeared, and every tie of interest, no less than of association, would seem to bind the bulk of the German immigrants to the home of their adoption. Nevertheless, they are to be expelled *en masse*. "The policy of the Government," said Lord Jersey, "is that those who are interned are to go." Let it be reaffirmed in the strongest fashion that this is a vendetta against a race, not a penalty for individual misconduct. It is anti-alienism, even more than anti-Germanism. Britain simply closes the door on one of the oldest of her traditions, from which she has derived great wealth and still greater fame. It was not to be expected that she would at once re-open it to the subjects of the vanquished States. But this decision makes real exiles of hundreds of people British at heart, abolishes British citizenship for hundreds more of British women and semi-British boys and girls, and turns them adrift in a strange land, even though their brothers or their sons may have given their blood for Britain's victory in the war. Its form, indeed, leaves the Government open to the practice of one of two different kinds of inhumanity. The Government is free either to separate families where inter-marriage has taken place, leaving British wives and repatriating their German husbands, or forcibly to unite them in exile. Nor have our Ministers the pitiful excuse of doing this thing because they think it is right. Lord Jersey plainly said that the interest of the country must come before thoughts of humanity. But is it even British interests that the Government have in mind? We doubt it. Their conduct now and at the election shows that it is Bottomley—the generic Bottomley—that they are really afraid of. They have the Bottomley conscience-

test. Bottomley has cast his shoe over them, and though it is the British practice to encourage mixed citizenship (within reasonable limits of conduct and capacity for civilization), and though it is sensible and religious for nations and individuals to forgive and forget, this national tradition and this human habit will be broken. The Government, if they persist in their present policy, will ruin, afflict, and possibly starve some hundreds of people, including women and children, against whom they have no accusation but that of alien or semi-alien birth, because if they do not they will be vituperated in the popular press. They are thinking of Bottomley.

Now there is no cure for a nation that does an act of injustice with its eyes open. But there is always hope for one which is led into it blinded or half-blinded. If British people were really composed of such poor and vindictive stuff that they can never be trusted to look on the enemy race with human eyes again, we might conclude that though they could win a war, the pursuit of greatness was beyond them. It is because we do not believe this of them, that we estimate so highly the service of such speech as that of the more liberal-minded peers on Monday night. If it prevails, and as a consequence innocent German immigrants whom the Government interned not for their fault but for its convenience, remain with us, British nationality will have won a victory greater than that of the Marne or the Somme. But if, after a full exposure of the truth, these wretched men and women are cast naked on to the German shores, the Government will indeed have done a contemptible act. But the country will have suffered a moral disaster.

AS IN THE DAYS OF NOË.

"THE world belongs to hard business men who know what they want and mean to get it." The truth of this aphorism cannot but commend itself to those who have watched our profiteers riding the storms of war and revolution and plucking gains from the very jaws of death. During four years of deadly peril to their country they let no opportunity slip unimproved. They fastened extortionate contracts for war supplies upon negligent or compliant officials. They cornered markets and blackmailed weaker traders and consumers by trebling and quadrupling prices. They extracted hundreds of millions from the public purse for war losses and sheltered their broken credit behind governmental guarantees. Out of the same public funds they effected huge extensions of their business plant on highly profitable terms, securing favorable options after the war for the purchase of buildings and plant erected by the Government for war purposes. Part of the proceeds of these lucrative arrangements these business-patriots loaned to the Treasury at interest screwed up to 50 per cent. above the pre-war level. Last, not least, they planted out their skilled touts, spies, and prospectors, in all the new governmental departments and committees engaged in considering and preparing trade conditions after the war. For these men have an eye to the future. They are not afraid to fish in troubled waters. The terrible risks and uncertainties of these times do not terrify them. They even provide a protective cover for their devices and intrigues. When famine and revolution are sweeping over Europe and industrial conflicts threaten the foundations of our social order, smart business men go steadily on, pegging out their claims the more boldly when they know that the eyes of the public are otherwise engaged.

To British capitalists the war and its aftermath have brought a rapid consummation of capitalist power. Trusts and tariffs are the closely related instruments of this consummation. Before the war the processes of trade combinations and price agreements had been making progress in many lines of business enterprise, especially in transport and the staple manufactures. But our Free Trade system was a powerful safeguard against the abuses of such combination. The campaign of Tariff Reform which opened with the new century was directed quite as much to the control of home markets as to the repression of foreign competition. For though no clear system of national economy had been thought out, our business masters knew that no combination in British industry could exercise a secure and highly profitable control of prices unless foreign goods were kept out. This led them to give their misjudged support to the Chamberlain campaign. Misjudged, because the time was not yet ripe. For, in order to get this country to throw over free imports, a conjunction of two circumstances was needed—fear and hatred of the foreigner and unemployment in our labor markets. Our new Protectionists see that the war has brought them this conjunction. Judging by various signs, they think the time has now come to begin to reap the harvest of their patient waiting and assiduous plotting.

The resignation of Lord Emmott last week from the Imports Restrictions Committee on the ground that the new advisory sub-committees were being packed with members of the trades concerned, taken in conjunction with the shuffling explanations of Mr. Bridgeman in Parliament, has been a danger signal for all who are concerned for the honesty and safety of the trade and livelihood of the people in these perilous days. In a House of Commons reeking with false thinking and underhand dealing, it is not easy to extract any plain issue. Even the more honest of the political Protectionists (the innocent dupes of the business hoodlers) complain of governmental evasiveness and procrastination. They would like to know where they will stand after next September. Everybody would like to know this. For how can a sobered people set to work with any confidence, or even settle wages and hours of labor, unless they are afforded some reasonable chance of forecasting their trade future? But our Government, not knowing what way anything is going, has taken procrastination as a principle. It will, therefore, not straightly declare for protection. But it will set its administrators to work preparing a number of isolated bits of Protection, ready to be put together as the framework of a tariff when the time is ripe.

It seems likely, therefore, that, when import licenses are actually withdrawn, tariff restrictions will be imposed, still keeping the air of temporary expedients for dealing with immediate conditions. Manufacturers of leather, paper, cotton cloth, and other staples, insistent that foreign goods must not come in until they have cleared their war stocks and have time to get in stocks of raw materials, will threaten unemployment unless they have their way. And this threat will most certainly bring the Government to their knees. It will give the necessary stiffening to the larger policy of anti-dumping. This, with "key-industries" and imperial preferences, has already been accepted as the measure of "protection" to which the country is to be committed, and which, properly worked, will give our Protectionists all they want, and enable the trust-mongers to establish their trade-monopolies as effectively as if they were in Germany or the United States. There is nothing really obscure in all this. It was all visible enough in the Paris Economic Conference, to which the

cowardice of our Liberals consented. Our trust and tariff mongers appear to have the game in their hands. Why should a Government and a House of Commons composed of their solid selves refuse them the necessary facilities for a "scientific reconstruction"? This again can run upon principles so profitable as to enable them to square the trade unions out of the high prices imposed upon consumers.

Somebody must suffer perhaps. Why should it not be the consumer! He has no real grip on the political levers and his squeals can be ignored. Look at the amazing composition of the reconstituted Council formed "to advise the Board of Trade during the transition period now and the setting up by the Government of a definite fiscal policy." Among the forty members are two "workpeople," two trade unionists, and one co-operator, the sole representative of the organized consumers. It is quite evident that the consuming public, like the taxpaying public, are to be handed over manacled to the organized producers who will plunder them, each according to his kind. It may be suggested that in reality producer, consumer, and taxpayer are the same person. But this rather crude and not too accurate generalization affords no remedy. The business man will always go for profits, trusting to exclude the revenue from its full share. So the worker will go for high money wages with an almost reckless disregard for prices. No doubt the consumer and the taxpayer have some "kick." But that kick may be too late. For if we let these big business men complete their double control over our lives by well organized trusts and tariffs, our power of extrication may turn out to be as contemptible as it is seen to be in the United States. For, after all, the consumer and the taxpayer are the very persons who have put this Government in power, and the presumption is that they wanted what they are getting, a public expenditure of 1,500 millions, a bad and, therefore, an expensive peace, tariffs yielding a paltry revenue, and combinations which put down competition and put up prices to what they regard as a reasonably profitable level.

Thus is the new world in which our people is called upon to live—if live it can. We put in this proviso, for some of our "hard business men" must pause occasionally in their plots and plans to reflect whether the raging world in which they are moving will let them play their little game to its successful end and get away with the gains. Can they along their tariff wall put a *cordon sanitaire* which will keep out of this blessed isle the deadly bacilli which are swarming on the Continent and steadily moving westward? Are they as blind as the people in the days of Noah to the movement of forces before which tariffs, trusts, the whole fabric of capitalism, perhaps civilization itself, may dissolve in early ruin?

THE AWAKENING.

THE awakening has come sooner than even we believed it would come. Paris is in a panic at the news that Hungary has turned Bolshevist. Were it not that it may be the first act of a European tragedy, we could find a grim satisfaction. Paris deserves its panic. It has made Europe the *corpus vile* of its fears or its ambitions; it has ignored or thwarted the nascent impulse to repair the wounds of a continent; it has made a mockery of the earlier idealism of the Entente; it threatens to make peace a worse thing than war.

It is possible to argue that the outburst of Bolshevism in Hungary is not dangerous, because it is not popular

and elemental. For that very reason it is the more dangerous. True, the resignation of Karolyi and his transfer of the reins of government to the Communists, was a voluntary and deliberate, not an absolutely enforced gesture. Because of that, it is a symptom. It reveals the condition of mind to which errors and intrigues have reduced the most sympathetic heirs of the European tradition among our enemies. Bolshevism in Hungary may be in its inception no more than Karolyi's modern equivalent for *après moi le déluge*. It will become something quite different in a little while. But in the meantime we may take it for what it undoubtedly is. This modern version of the old expression of the carelessness of despair is eloquent enough, more eloquent than the old one. People have lost all fear of the Flood, but to their modern senses Bolshevism is the very devil.

Therefore they may be induced to consider by fear what no arguments have induced them to consider, what are the causes of Bolshevism in general, and the Hungarian variety in particular. Bolshevism is the direct result of desperation. It was so in Russia, though the supporters of Bolshevism and its enemies make common cause in denying it. It was not the work of German agents, as its foolish enemies suggest, nor was it *originally* an attempt to create a new social order, as its foolish sympathisers seek to assure us. The philosophy of its leaders is not of first-rate account. Bolshevism in Russia was the explosion of the inarticulate protest of a nation treated as a *corpus vile*. Russia was regarded by the Entente powers as an inanimate machine for making war against Germany. The Allies declared that unless Kerensky ordered another offensive they would stop all supplies. Kerensky, the patriot, faced with the intolerable choice of letting his country be starved or ordering an offensive which he knew to be impossible, made the fatal choice. The Russian nation turned like an animal at bay against these demands. Its unconscious impulse was to become a pariah among nations. Since to belong to the old social order was to be bled to death, it demolished the social order from its midst. A pariah is not a respectable dog, but it may live. And the expression of this blind will to be a live pariah rather a dead dog was Bolshevism.

Such is largely the spiritual anatomy of Bolshevism. It is not a gospel of social regeneration so much as a fierce elemental protest against impossible conditions of life. It springs from the unconscious will to be an outcast among nations, when the nations have made membership of their society impossible. Seen from this angle Karolyi's gesture is the very epitome of Bolshevism. The difference is that Karolyi is an educated man and that in him the impulse is deliberate and conscious; but the difference is slight and negligible, save in so far as it enables us to examine more closely the reasons why this educated and enlightened lover of England should have decided that the national life of his country was impossible. With his gesture he breaks deliberately with the European tradition, and declares, for all the world to hear, that anarchy would be better than the extreme humiliation prepared for Hungary by its conquerors.

We have been favored of late with comparatively little news from Hungary. What has been happening there is simple enough. The hitherto oppressed nationalities, and principally the Roumanians, have been advancing their landmarks day by day. It was many weeks ago that they reached the extreme limit of the nationality frontier. No paper has urged more emphatically than THE NATION the necessity of breaking down the Magyar domination. We were always opposed to that

school of thought which believed that a *rapprochement* with an unchanged Hungary was possible or equitable. The Magyars had to be forced to give the nationalists their due. There was always a majority of Magyars who would have been content with what remained to them. Instead, however, of making the attempt to establish an equitable political frontier, the Allied mission in Budapest have encouraged the Roumanians in particular to take infinitely more than belongs to them. The action of the Magyar Bolshevik government shows clearly enough how the responsibility is divided among the Allies. They have given all the Allied missions notice to leave the country with the exception of the leader of the French mission, Colonel Vix, whom they have imprisoned.

The French—let there be no mistake about it—are pursuing a consistent policy, which is in opposition not merely to President Wilson's fourteen points, but to every other idealistic proposition of the Allies. That, in itself, is bad enough, or would be bad enough had we not long since passed the point where it is thought worth while to reconcile profession and practice. But, even if we accept the view that the principle of self-determination is a pious fraud, we still have to consider whether a policy which deliberately ignores that principle is not bound to lead us to disaster. The obvious motive of French policy is to weaken Germany, and in particular to weaken Prussia, by any means that come to its hand. It aims at replacing the Russian threat to Germany by the threat of a congress of arbitrarily aggrandized states, extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. Russia is lost to France for ever; no matter what government should be eventually established in Russia, the popular detestation of France would make any resumption of the old alliance impossible. In the new constitution of Powers, unless a real League of Nations comes into being, Germany and Russia are bound to gravitate to each other. Their interests demand it; and the movement will be accelerated by the fact that they will have an equal aversion for the Allies. Militarily, the main enemy of this new alliance would be France. Therefore, a further aim of French policy is to erect a barrier between Russia and Germany. The French will have Danzig given to the Poles. It does not matter in the least that a real League of Nations would guarantee Danzig as a free port, and thus give Poland the opportunity of trade prosperity infinitely greater than she can hope to achieve if she has by force of arms to defend a precarious corridor to the Baltic. Nationalist France is not primarily concerned with the peace and prosperity of Europe; it is concerned to obtain a Continental control. This can only be obtained if two conditions are satisfied—Germany must be cut off from Russia, and a barrier of States must create a perpetual military threat to Germany's eastern frontier.

The aggrandizement of Roumania at the expense of Hungary is an integral portion of the scheme, as is also the refusal to sanction the incorporation of German-Austria in Germany. Only if Roumania is aggrandized artificially will she be inclined to look to France for diplomatic and military support, and herself compelled, no matter what platonic provisions a League of Nations may proclaim, to maintain a large army. As with Roumania, so with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. The weakening of Germany in the direct sense by detaching the largest possible portions of her territory is the more obvious aim of French Nationalism. Less obvious, but more vital, is the necessity that the settlement of the Western frontiers of these new border States should be unstable. Only if the border-States receive territories to

which they have no title, and only if they have each to deal henceforward with their separate and particular irredentisms, and thus are compelled to form an armed alliance, directed against what remains of the old Austro-German alliance, will they contribute to the establishment of the policy that seems good in the eyes of the French Nationalists, though not, we hope and believe, of the French people.

It is the duty of America and England, in the true interests of France no less than in their own, to oppose this plan with all their might. But in order to oppose it they had better recognize it for what it is. It is true enough that the plan will never be accomplished. The French are unable to see that America and Britain must inevitably withdraw all support from such a barrier of border-states, and they alone will one day have to bear the impossible burden of such an arrangement. They dream that a League of Nations can somehow be formed to guarantee such a settlement; they cannot see that a League with such an object would be violently disrupted within a year. They cannot see the more immediate danger. Such violations of the national consciousness of peoples as this Machiavellian policy involves are no longer possible. They cannot, indeed, be resisted by force of arms. But they may be abrogated by the refusal to maintain an ordered government with which the treaty to make them valid must be concluded. When Karolyi was informed that the limit of the last inroad of the Roumanians was to be regarded as the political frontier, Karolyi preferred to abandon allegiance to the old European order. His action is a warning to Germany and ourselves. The "Times" is busy suggesting another German plot concerted to frighten the Allies. Does it really believe that Karolyi, whose hostility to Germany should at least be, even in the eyes of the "Times," *sans reproche*, concerted his move with the Germans? We are assured that all we have to do is to send a strong military expedition to Hungary, another to Poland (to occupy Danzig), and, of course, another to Russia with, according to Mr. Churchill, a minor expedition or two to Livonia and Esthonia. Three new wars at once! No; there is one way, and one way alone, to escape the European disaster which threatens us. We must make a just peace quickly; we must form a League of Nations in which Germany and Russia are somehow introduced into the Big Seven; we must prevent the insensate machinations of continental *Machtspolitik* from tripping us into the abyss, by insisting that self-determination shall be real. But how are we to insist? How is Mr. Lloyd George to insist, as we believe he desires to insist, when he has only an ignorant Rump behind him? The intervention of the Miners' Federation in European politics gives us the answer. It is a momentous and a most hopeful event. It shows us that the qualities of sympathy, imagination, and understanding can be re-introduced into world politics, and that we need no longer depend for them upon the aristocratic instinct of a few old-fashioned Tories.

A PARLIAMENT OF INDUSTRY.

WHEN the Industrial Conference assembled in Westminster a month ago at the Government's request, and dispersed again for two months after electing a Provisional Committee of thirty employers and thirty trade unionists, there were few who even hoped that much substantial good would result from its work. But there can now be no doubt that it is amply justified

by the results which it has already produced. In less than three weeks' work, the Provisional Committee has succeeded in presenting a unanimous report, endorsed by employers and trade unionists alike, which at least goes far enough towards a solution of some of our most pressing industrial problems to furnish a very favorable augury for the future. With so short a time at their disposal, the Committee wisely concentrated its attention upon a few of the most immediate problems, and did not attempt to cover the whole of the ground before it. It dealt principally with four groups of questions, wages, hours, unemployment, and the creation of a permanent Industrial Council in place of the "scratch" collection of delegates whom the Government gathered together in March.

Doubtless, in comparison with the programmes put forward by some of the big trade unions, and even with the concessions actually secured in certain industries, the recommendations made by the Conference do not seem very advanced. Indeed, there is one part of its reference with which the Joint Committee has obviously made very little progress; for its suggestions on the question of unemployment do not seem to go much beyond the suggestion that the maintenance of the unemployed and of the under-employed should be organized for on some universal basis. There is no scheme, and almost no suggestion of a scheme for making these pious hopes into realities. This, however, is an exception, and on the other parts of its reference the Committee has done useful work. The real significance of its reports lies in the fact that they are of universal application, and that they represent concessions secured for all classes of workers, whatever the strength or weakness of their respective organizations. Many of them will not help, and are not intended to help, the stronger groups of workers. But there is hardly one which will not be of great benefit to the less organized and less articulate sections. This is, indeed, the best feature of the whole report; for clearly one of the dangers of the hour is that, out of all these powerful movements of the greater unions, the weaker sections of the population will get nothing, while the stronger wring one concession after another by the threat of industrial action.

The recommendations on the "hours" question are a case in point. The workers in many of the principal industries are demanding, and in some cases securing, a working week of forty-four hours, or even less. But there are still many trades and industries in which the normal hours of labor are outrageously long. Twelve-hour shifts survive in some trades, and the nine-hours' day is still a very common thing. To the workers who have already secured a forty-seven or forty-four hour week it may seem a small thing that the employers and trade unionists on the Committee are unanimous in recommending the immediate enactment of a universal forty-eight hours' law, subject only to a small number of exceptions on special classes of work. But there can be no doubt that even a forty-eight hours' Act will mean a vast improvement in the position of many hundreds of thousands of workers. Moreover, the proposals include provision for reducing the weekly hours below forty-eight by agreement between employers and trade unions.

The wage proposals are less definite. They include the suggestion that the machinery set up six months ago under the Wages (Temporary Regulation) Act, which expires in May, should be continued for a further six months, and that meanwhile the whole question of war wages, bonuses, and other advances should be considered

on a uniform basis for all trades—a very necessary step if sporadic disturbances are not to take place on wages issues in almost every industry in the country. More public interest attaches to the clauses dealing with the question of the minimum wage. It is strongly urged that Trade Boards, which have at least set some kind of a barrier against sweating in the few trades to which they have been applied, should be established for all the less organized trades, and it is suggested that a special Commission should be appointed to go into the whole question of the minimum wage and fix rates below which no person may be employed. The wages question is far more complicated than that of hours, and the Committee has not got so far in dealing with it. But their proposals should afford, in this case also, very substantial protection to the less organized groups of workers.

"Recognition" of trade unionism, in principle at least, has long been the rule in most of the better organized trades and industries. It is, however, satisfactory to find the Joint Committee unanimously recommending a policy of universal "recognition." Not only in the less organized trades, but even in such industries as the railways and shipping, to say nothing of the Post Office and the police, there is room for very substantial improvement in this respect. The Joint Committee lays it down categorically that "full and frank recognition" is the principle to be followed in every case. Full and frank mutual recognition is also the principle which governs by far the most important of the Joint Committee's unanimous recommendations—the proposal for the immediate constitution of a Standing National Industrial Council. This body, it is suggested, should consist of 200 from each side, the employers and the trade unions severally choosing their own representatives as they may think fit. The proposed Council is not to displace or replace existing bodies, but is to undertake work for which no body at present exists. It is proposed that it should be the regular organ for consultation by the Government on all general economic and industrial questions. But it is to be more than consultative. It is also to take the initiative in recommending to the Government the methods to be adopted in dealing with industrial questions, and the legislation needed for the regulation of industrial affairs. It is to be, in short, an Advisory Parliament of Industry, representing the producers alone, and commending its suggestions to the consideration of the political Parliament and of the Government.

We need not stress again the arguments in favor of the creation of some such body. Some of the gravest dangers of industrial unrest arise from the lack of any co-ordinating agency, and some of the worst injustices are perpetrated because there is no body whose business it is to look after the interests of the less organized groups. A body which, through its trade union scale, will serve to co-ordinate the claims of Labor as a whole, and, at the same time, provide for close and constant consultation between representative bodies of employers and trade unions, must, in these troublous times, have a very wide sphere of useful influence. It is, therefore, greatly to be hoped that the Council will be created at once, and that the Government will make the fullest possible use of it.

It must not be assumed, because this Committee has presented a unanimous report, that everything will be plain sailing. The recommendations have still to run the gauntlet of criticism from both sides at the re-assembled National Industrial Conference which is to meet in London on April 4th. Moreover, there are four important sections of Labor which are not represented

on the Committee, who may refuse to endorse its proposals or even decline to take part in the proposed Industrial Council. The Triple Alliance of Miners, Railwaymen, and Transport Workers, representing nearly a million and a half trade unionists, and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, with another 300,000, are still standing aloof. We hope that they will come into the proposed scheme and play their part in future along with the other Societies. But it would not be safe to conclude that they will do so. Without them, the Council would lose much of its representative character. And it is, of course, not engaged on a work of finality. The trade union representatives have by no means abandoned their own ideals, or ceased to look for much more substantial changes in the industrial system. The work of the Conference has thus far only scratched the surface of the industrial problem; far more remains to be done, and we shall be fortunate if we can accomplish it without an upheaval such as is convulsing the Continent. Everyone knows now that great changes in the social and economic structure of society have to be brought about, and that their peaceable realization is the only alternative to violence. The Industrial Conference is a sign of hope, not because it has found a final solution of industrial difficulties, but because it has shown the power of getting down to business, and devising, on some questions at least, something like a workable compromise. If the permanent machinery which it sketches is brought into being without delay, it is reasonable to apply it to other urgent problems—including a constructive dealing with unemployment.

AN UNIONIST'S APOLOGIA.

THE face of politics in the United Kingdom has changed so completely within the last four years that it is necessary for many of us to revise our opinions, to subject them to the most searching analysis, and perhaps to formulate them. After all, no principles are immutable, and least of all those governing political practice. Democracy, bureaucracy, and autocracy has each its own value in different circumstances, being modes through which the State seeks to attain some definite object: individual liberty, administrative ability, or singleness of aim. The crisis through which we passed imposed on us certain autocratic, and bureaucratic principles of government; individual liberty being almost completely suppressed. To match our adversary we were compelled in some things to imitate him; but as in all fully self-conscious communities, this subordination was voluntary. It was not a truce of parties so much as the extinction of party by an almost unanimous expression of the public will. The principles of every politician, indeed of every individual, were tested in their immediate relation to reality.

The result was to dissolve every party, leaving political idealists with a *tabula rasa* upon which to engrave the new dispensation. Even in the recent elections the only question before the country was, whether the Government, which had conducted the war to a successful issue, had earned its confidence sufficiently to be entrusted with the mission of negotiating peace. Methods of dealing with problems likely to arise in the process of demobilization have not been adequately discussed; and visions conjured up before eyes dazzled with victory, of a golden future dawning upon the world, that cry of *magnus nascitur ordo*, which has cheated the hopes of so many ages, are but a part of our triumphant pageantry, of an enthusiasm which is its own object. We have not yet learned the danger of phrases: a world safe for democracy, a land fit for heroes to live in, freedom of the seas, a League of Nations, self-determination. M. Poincaré welcomed Mr. Wilson to Paris as "the philosopher delighting in the evolution of universal laws from particular events"; when he added, that it was impossible to assert "that we shall for ever spare to

mankind the horrors of new wars," the irony was perhaps not unconscious.

The warning, in any case, was salutary. It is vain to disparage idealism since it is the motive of all human progress, it is equally vain to evoke an ideal which has, and can have, no correspondence with reality. Our intelligence, the little we possess of truth, is simply the result of the mind's return upon itself, its criticism of ideals which are its own creation. We test and analyse our ideas, that we may gain courage either to abandon them entirely or to retain only those fragments which are capable of informing reality; and we need not fear to be destructive, since the mind of man is indefatigable in the generation of dreams.

At the present moment there is little criticism in this country, and the loss is most marked in the sphere of politics; the minds of the electors, relaxed after four years of tension, seem to have lost their resilience, and are unable to adjust themselves to the new conditions. There is a general lassitude, a desire to avoid the exercise of the critical faculty, and there is a correspondingly exuberant propagation of ideals. Take the phrases already cited: one idea underlies them all, the idea of nationality. One of the objects of the Peace Conference is to devise precautions against an attempt in the future on the part of any Power to dominate the world. The hegemony of France, or Great Britain, or the United States would be as intolerable to the smaller nations as the hegemony of Prussia. It would affect their national culture. The establishment of a High Court of Nations will equally affect the sovereign rights of States. If we ask ourselves what constitutes nationality, the delicacy of the negotiations becomes at once apparent: we confront a host of racial, religious, economic, and strategic problems, to say nothing of those concerning human equality, and universal citizenship.

From the general nature of this problem pass to a particular instance and ask how the principle of self-determination would affect the union of Great Britain and Ireland. Politicians, of course, are not concerned with the truth or falsity of an opinion, but with the number of adherents which an opinion has gained among their supporters. The cause of Irish self-government is unpopular, and therefore to the politician, unprofitable. The attitude of the average Unionist approximates more closely than ever to that of Sir Edward Carson; and forms a weak parallel to that of Marat towards the Royalists in 1793. "The cry became popular that France would be condemned to fight her enemies with one arm if she had to guard the traitors with the other. And this was the plea provided to excuse the crimes that were about to follow. It was the plea, but not the motive. If the intended destruction of Royalists could be represented as an act of war, as a necessity of national defence, moderate men would be unable to prevent it without incurring reproach as unpatriotic citizens."

Truth, however, has no need of proof, it imposes itself upon us; and the war which tested us as individuals, or as parties, tested the Union also and proved by the inexorable logic of facts that it had no reality. The arguments non-fashionable against Home Rule, are the most forcible and convincing arguments in its favour. The unity of a State is an organic unity, and the strife of parties does not affect it. Greece, Rome, and France did not find political dissension an impediment to conquest because each was conscious of itself as an individual unity. The Irish during the war were neither pro-German nor anti-British; but when the Irish Party in the House of Commons attempted to pledge Ireland to the support of Great Britain, what we know as Nationalism was obliterated. The Sinn Féin rising of 1916 was unpopular, it was resented by the great majority of Irishmen; but to-day the ideals of Sinn Féin are predominant. It is unnecessary to point to the excesses of Sinn Féin on the one hand, or to the vacillating methods of the British Government, cajolery alternating with coercion, on the other. We were compelled to treat Ireland as a unity separate and distinct from Great Britain. That is the fact which the present ideals of Unionism fail either to dissolve or to assimilate.

The principle of self-determination is not new, nor is this particular application of it. We may take another passage from Lord Acton's Lectures on "The French Revolution": "On the 19th of November they offered aid and friendship to every people that determined to be free. This decree, really the beginning of the great war, was caused by remonstrances from Mentz where the French party feared to be abandoned. But it was aimed against England, striking at the weakest point, and reducing its warlike power by encouraging Irish disaffection." It is worth while pointing out how Lord Acton, in both these quotations, is at some pains to distinguish, in the Thucydidean manner, the pretext for political action from its real motive. We have to judge of the sincerity inspiring our statesmen, and the problem of Ireland supplies us with a test, and enables us to make the same distinction. Our ideals may have become corrupt by the very completeness of our victory. The mentality of politicians is such that, while accepting a general truth as representing a mean drawn from a number of particular instances, they will immediately point out that it does not conform exactly to that particular instance which they have in view at the time. The general law flatters our intelligence, and the particular exception protects our sensibilities. Even so we have still our duty as critics, or idealists, to perform, and many of us who were Unionists in 1914, will decline to be bound to the dead body of the old Unionism, since the war has taught us that the apparent unity of Great Britain and Ireland is an unreal and dangerous fiction. It is an ideal which we may strive to realize, but it is not a reality which we are bound to defend.

The problem of Ireland is really three-fold: there is its aspect as an international question; its aspect as a question of domestic politics for the Imperial Parliament; and its aspect as an Irish question, with particular reference to Ulster. The first is a question of principle; the second has to some extent been considered under its practical aspect as a question of fact, the absence of any organic unity corresponding to the Union in reality; the third is a question which can only be solved by actual experiment. Each aspect, of course, to some extent overlaps the other two, as intersecting circles might, and their relative importance differs in different minds. The second and third have the greater practical importance for Englishmen at the present time. The Irish Convention was an eminently unsatisfactory device for dealing with these two aspects: it was sectional and not representative in the popular sense; and, in view of the pledges given to Ulster by the Coalition leaders, it was doomed to impotence from the first. Self-determination means that men chosen by the popular vote shall settle the future constitution of their country; and the pledges of British party-leaders cannot be allowed to bar the application of this greater principle.

The cynical and opportunist methods of British government in Ireland are sufficiently revealed when we consider that the Tory, Church and agricultural party in Britain is allied with the Radical, Nonconformist, and industrial party of Ulster, while our own Radical party is bound to a Catholic and Tory majority in Ireland. No solution is possible which leaves Ulster as a bridge-head of British influence; and equally impossible is one which leaves her as a prey to hostile or reactionary forces. England's difficulty in finding a basis for settlement has become a determining factor in Ulster's policy. Ulster appeals for British support by representing itself as a loyal and industrious community in danger of being overwhelmed by an ignorant and fanatical majority. Ulster's loyalty is in proportion to British support, and that enables Ulster to dominate the rest of Ireland. It is not to Ulster's interest that there should be a settlement. *Tertius gaudens*, her policy has been to foment and encourage rebellion in Ireland and resentment in England, and the responsibility lies in this country.

The British government of Ireland has not failed through any lack of good intention: its failure is that of an evil system. Apart from the dogmas of Unionism or Nationalism there is in Ireland no division of opinion. As the hero of that sardonic little comedy "Blight" says: "Isn't it better to blame England than have the

boys blaming me? The great secret of politics is to provide them with heroes and villains, and to take care that the villains are far enough away and the heroes within reach." It is, in any case, the secret of Irish politics. The Irish have no public spirit, no civic sense, because they have no power and no responsibility. They need that return upon themselves which complete autonomy would give them, that experience which is only to be gained by a continuous reference of ideals to realities, of aims to achievements, that tolerance which comes only by realizing in one's conscience the flaw in the material which thwarts entirely, or at least deforms, so often, the images of our desire. Even within the purely Nationalist party under an autonomous system there would be division, separation of function, the development of organs of public life at present atrophied or rudimentary, a complexity of interests supplementing and correcting each other; and in this regrouping of forces, and their interaction upon one another Ulster would have its strongest and most binding guarantee, the guarantee of reality: at least the finest qualities in Ulster would survive. One remembers the letters of "Æ." on "The New Nation" in the "Irish Times," with that simple formula, "we must live together." One is bound to be sanguine even if the attainment be doubtful.

The future keeps its secret, and the minds of men are a little weary from overmuch effort; but the old forms of our civilization, the old channels of our effort, have been broken and overflowed. In this strange new world we are inclined to let our course be shaped for us. We say that we are living in an age of transition, and are sparing of our criticism, of our individual effort. In reality we are at the moment of decision, when our intellect and our sensibility are molten together, and precipitated into action by a sudden passion of the will.

FREDERIC MANNING.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE week has seen many great events, but one inclines to think that the resolution of the Miners' Federation is the greatest of them all. What is the situation? We are on the eve of a second great war. The flames have risen high; already they envelop Europe. Still the incendiaries, the Churchills and the Pichons, would have them blaze higher. There might have been a concerted effort to keep the conflagration down. Mr. George in particular might have made it. Had he from the first joined hands with Mr. Wilson, and placed Anglo-American policy on the basis of a peace of reconciliation, invited France and Italy to join, and made the continuance of the Alliance conditional on their acceptance, all might have been well. But there was no firm British policy. The immoralities of the General Election invited the universal materialism which has since set in. French Nationalism tried to construct a peace of power. It has failed. No German Government dare consent to the dismemberment and spoliation of Germany and her allies. So the Entente will be invited to finish its work and fight Bolshevism as best it may. No doubt Mr. George now sees the ruin this policy foretells, and would join Mr. Wilson in an effort to avert it. But where are his helpers? There are prudent minds in England attached to all parties. But only Labor can supply a solid recruitment for wisdom. And it alone can enforce the abandonment of the new war with Russia on which French Nationalism and British Imperialism are equally bent. On this enterprise and on the conscriptionist plot to sustain it, Labor has now declared open war. It will

therefore have to be abandoned. As the Pichon speech shows, the struggle has begun. We can be very sure how it must end.

THERE is yet another rescuing force in our politics. It so happens that there are in the House of Lords a score or so of men who are determined to bring the country back to reason. Some, no doubt, are concerned for property. But it is not their whole anxiety. They see that integrity, order, and commercial morals are threatened, and that all measure has been lost in expenditure. They dread a reign of laxity and downright corruption. They want to see a return to Parliamentarism, to thrift, in short, to something like the constitutional balance. Their spokesmen on the Liberal side are men like Lord Buckmaster; among the Tories are the Cecils, the generous and open-minded Lord Parmoor, the honest, if rather limited, Lord Midleton, the bankers, and the great industrialists who stand outside the "ramp." These men have already done much. They have forced an inquiry into the scandal at Slough. But they are also moderators, and they have what the Quakers call a "concern" for the deterioration of political character. They have therefore exposed the Government's cruel scheme of repatriation for the interned, and they have resolved at least to mitigate the persecution of the C.O.s. But their main intent is to recover the power of Parliament, and with it the ability to control expenditure. They divine, quite rightly, that the ship is very near the rocks, and that only good and straight steering through the right channels will bring it through. So, strange as it may seem, the rehabilitation of the Commons is being pursued through and by the House of Lords.

It is clear now that the fate of the C.O. has become a first-class political question. The demand for his release, or for the cessation of penal treatment, is the call not so much of a group as of a party formed out of the best personal elements in the two Houses, and commanded by men of character and intellect. What will the Government do? The Cabinet must have considered the question, in fact there is no doubt that it has. And I am convinced that the difficulty is not with the Army. The soldiers were for feeding the Germans. That was an impulse of humanity. But the soldiers are also anxious, for reasons of military policy, to be rid of the C.O., or at least not to have the responsibility of trying and sentencing him. He is out of the Army; he is, indeed, a perpetual reminder of the alternative to armies. If, then, the War Office wants to let the C.O. go, who is for retaining him? The astonishing answer is—the politicians, led by the Prime Minister. Now Mr. George, as a good Nonconformist, was simply suckled on the free conscience. It made him. It even led him to endorse, or at least to excuse, free poaching. Will he now slay his foster-mother? I can scarce credit him with such impiety. But if Mr. George and the War Office were willing to let the C.O. go, this odious religious persecution might end to-morrow. It does not end. On the contrary, a definite decision is taken against his release. How then can the Prime Minister escape responsibility?

DARK as is the veil that hides the truth about each European country from every other, there are, I think, some discernible tendencies in Germany. One of them is a certain revival of militarism. In the early days of the

Revolution, the military spirit seemed to have gone completely under. Officers were not saluted in the streets, and were either ignored or treated with disrespect. To-day, I am assured that there is a change, and it is not merely that the practice of salutes has been restored, but that Army influences are beginning to play a part in State policy. That was inevitable as the French plan of crushing Germany gathered way. Political Germany saw herself assailed from without and within, and threatened with starvation, anarchy, the loss of moral discipline in her people, and of unity in the State. Naturally, she began to think of the Army. That the forced resort to the men and the devices of war has been harmful is beyond doubt. The Spartacists were handled with cruelty in some quarters of Berlin. "Risings" were "put down" which never existed; and the doings of some of the Soldiers' Councils spied upon and exaggerated. German society has been partly re-materialized in an hour when ideal forces were beginning to assert their long-lost power.

I AM interested to hear through M. Renaudel that in the last hours of his life, and when the hopes of peace were almost shattered, Jaurès thought of Mr. Wilson as the only possible force of reconciliation. That was like Jaurès; idealist as he was, none of his contemporaries measured political events more coolly or was more concerned to make the best of them. And he was no mere talker. He had a massive intelligence, wide knowledge of the history and thoughts of men, exact political information, an unequalled moral force. His immediate anxiety was that France should hold back Russia. That was the object of his last interview with M. Viviani, which took place a few hours before he was shot. Jaurès's general conception was that of a Franco-Anglo-German Entente. He looked to it as the main hope of averting war and saving European democracy for the evolutionary progress which he desired.

If Mr. Churchill designed the march of the Guards as a great military display it was a very great failure. Turned by the troops and the crowd into a welcome home, it was an entire success. The men neither marched like the regulation soldier nor looked like him. They walked at ease, smoked cigarettes, waved greetings to their friends or their lady admirers in the crowd, and wore a good deal of mufti with an air of much contentment. The pleasantest figures were Lord Cavan and the Prince of Wales. The young Prince rode his horse well, and his ingenuous young face, bright with smiles and blushes, could only please the crowd as a spectacle of youthful happiness. The whole show, indeed was a study in *déshabille*.

NATURE designed Colonel Claude Lowther for ornament rather than use, but his memorandum on the German indemnities is really priceless. Colonel Lowther makes out a total German contribution of 25,000 millions. This he is satisfied that Germany can pay. The maximum total wealth of Germany before the war was fixed at a little over 16,000 millions. It has now been greatly reduced, and Colonel Lowther proposes to reduce it further by depriving her of Alsace-Lorraine, the Saar Valley, and a great slice of her Eastern territories, including a valuable port. In finding interest for only a tenth part of his 25,000 millions, he reduces the total German revenues to 40 millions—i.e.,

to little more than the resources of a mid-Victorian budget for Great Britain. How he finds the rest would pass the wit of man to discover. Apparently he mortgages the same revenues over and over again. I am glad to see the dandiacal body applying itself to finance. But I doubt if its first essay will bring conspicuous comfort to the Prime Minister's laboring soul.

HERE is an extract from the letter of a business man in California, March 6th, 1919:—

"I hope Europe will not be confused by the noise made by the reactionary 'claquers,' headed by Senators Lodge and Sherman. They represent the special 'interests' that we failed to eliminate seven, five, and three years ago. Lodge is from Massachusetts, controlled by the Woollen Trust, Rubber Trust, and what is left of the Hartford and Newhaven Octopus. Sherman is from Illinois, not yet freed from the grip of the Steel and Meat Trusts. They are grasping at anything to save them from being overwhelmed by the tide of world ideas and humanitarianism that they find themselves in the way of. Ex-President Taft has risen grandly to the situation. He is backing Wilson by going to all parts of the Union, and holding great conferences on the League of Nations. In San Francisco he referred to Lodge, and Penrose, and Knox as 'reactionary.' Someone in the audience shouted: 'You used to be reactionary once,' and Taft good-humoredly replied, 'I know more now.' His six years of study, freed from the leash of legal technicality and political party exigency, have enlarged his vision. Wilson's critics are in the position of those who in 1787-9 tried to defeat the adoption of the present U.S. Constitution, and from 1850 to 1865 held that States Rights were superior to the Federal Government. American local nationalism cannot be allowed to stand in the way of World Federation any more than European Nationalism. I believe that public opinion in the west half of the U.S. is already settled upon this. The east has a large element that still looks at the matter from the standpoint of its material interests, but will, I believe, swing into the line of world progress and union."

I QUOTE, without comment, the following account sent me of the death of a C.O.:—

"C. J. Cobb was arrested on August 31st, 1916, and served five terms of imprisonment. On February 25th of this year he was released from Winchester Jail, completely broken down in health. He rallied a little when he reached home; good food and the joy of freedom probably aided him just for a time. On Monday, the 17th inst., he was taken very ill, and passed away just before midnight. The doctor called in pronounced the case hopeless at once, and said that Cobb could not survive long, as he was suffering from congestion of the lungs and pleurisy, and also was in the last stage of consumption. Moreover, he was suffering from curvature of the spine, caused through carrying coals for ten weeks in Pentonville Prison. When he was unable to carry the load and fell under the weight, he was picked up and made to start off again with the sack on his back! No wonder that this treatment shattered the strength of one accustomed to clerical work.

"Mr. Cobb was a conscientious objector from strictly Christian principles. His occupation previous to his arrest was that of a clerk, but he was also a Minister of the Gospel, and intended after his return from prison to give up his whole life for the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ. He was a Sunday School teacher and an open-air preacher for very many years, and all who knew him testify to the high esteem in which he was held."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE CHURCH OF GOD'S WISDOM.

NAPOLEON's saying that the possession of Constantinople is the ultimate question of diplomacy, for whoever possesses her possesses the empire of the world, may be no longer true; for in a century the bearings of the

world have changed. The Suez Canal, the Panama Canal, and the Siberian Railway have diverted the traffic of mankind. The steamship, the locomotive, and the aeroplane, have reduced the size of the planet till space is scarcely to be accounted. The "Cable" and the "Wireless" have converted many institutions besides King's Messengers into futile survivals of the past. But still "The City" remains one of the portals, though no longer a centre, of the old hemisphere's civilization, and a bridge across the Bosphorus, carrying the Orient Express without a break from Ostend or Paris, or by the Tunnel from London, to Baghdad and the Persian Gulf, and ultimately to Bombay, will restore her to her old position as a dominating junction of East and West. For there she still stands, on the noblest site of all the world, as when the Argo passed between the "Clashing Cliffs," and the Megarians claimed the ground from wandering savages. Secure as a mountain fortress guarded on both sides by impregnable passes, she stands guarded on either hand by rushing straits like deep salt rivers—straits renowned in the history of three thousand years, and adding each century to their renown. Whoever for the next hundred years shall possess her, will hold a key to one of the world's great doors.

With that larger question we are not dealing now, but only with a subordinate but still essential part. Probably, in the minds of most Europeans and nearly all Moslems, the name of The City calls up a vision of deep blue waters, flowing round the shores of a hilly peninsula on which shine the big domes and lofty white minarets of a great Mohammedan town. Among all those domes and minarets the thoughts of the European, and, perhaps, of the Moslem too, turn first to the dome and minarets of the church upon which most of the rest were modelled—the Church of Saint Sophia, the Holy Wisdom of God. Around that church, as our readers know, and as has been proclaimed in many other places, a controversy has lately gathered, which diplomatic authorities are reported not to favor, though one way or other it will have to be settled soon. In the new partition of the world, to what race shall this ancient church belong, and what form of man's religion shall there be celebrated? Historians, artists, picturesque tourists, and the champions of varied faiths have taken the field on one side or the other; and distinct from all stand the diplomatic politicians, always so hard to convince that the world can ever change.

For history, all must go to the incredible researches of Gibbon, and few will escape from the charm of that disdainful irony with which he narrates the melancholy progress of a Church and Empire down to despair. Very different in temper is a recent pamphlet called "The Redemption of Saint Sophia," by Mr. J. A. Douglas, of St. Luke's, Camberwell, written with the enthusiasm of a zealot who pleads the right of the Orthodox or Eastern Church to the possession of her ancient shrine. It is published by "The Faith Press," which we take to be a Catholic firm; and that, in itself, is strange for a book with such a purpose. Something may also be learned from another little book—"Ancient Stories from the Dardanelles," by Frances Delanoy Little (Andrew Melrose)—which, by vivid scenes extracted from history, tells of the Straits and the great City from the ages of glorious myth down to the coming of the Turk. Those who speak of the Near East can never avoid St. Sophia long. The history of the church is co-extensive with the Byzantine Empire, and hitherto co-extensive with Orthodox Christianity as well, no matter how devoutly Moslems may pray beneath its dome, or with what pains they may turn pavement and carpets all askew, so that they may face to Mecca instead of to the East and the rising sun.

Constantine himself, in designing his "New City of Rome," chose the site for the basilica consecrated to the Divine Wisdom. Destroyed by fire only two or three generations later, during the riots which followed St. Chrysostom's endeavor to amend the City's way of life, the basilica was rebuilt on more splendid lines. But it was again destroyed during the "Nika" dissensions of Blues and Greens in the Hippodrome—that wanton discord which, in the historian's words, "invaded the peace of families, divided friends and brothers, and tempted the female sex, though seldom seen in the circus, to espouse the inclinations of their lovers, or to contradict the wishes of their husbands." That was in 532, and it was then that Justinian began the amazing edifice which remains a wonder of the world, although from time to time exposed to religious discords as destructive, though perhaps less wanton than the rivalries of racing chariots wearing the colors of Blue or Green. His pious intention was, no doubt, encouraged by Theodora, that incomparable prostitute, whom he had raised to the throne which she was afterwards to save, and whom he certainly consulted in his Codification of moral and legal institutions. It was, however, to the great architect, Anthemius, that the triumph of the structure was due; and it was through his skill that the church has survived the assaults and batteries of so much and so diversified religion. It even survived the burning of the City, the pitiless massacre of the inhabitants, and its own desecration by the Catholics of the Fourth Crusade under Dandolo, the blind Doge of Venice. It survived, with hardly less risk, though the enemy was no longer included in the same Christian brotherhood—it survived the final capture of the City by the Turks on that fatal Tuesday in May, 1453, when the Sultan, Mahomet II., himself interposed to save it.

On the evening before that dreadful day, the last of the Byzantine Emperors, passing on his way to death upon the breach, attended the last Christian service held up to now, within that temple of God's Wisdom. Next evening the devastation began, and the old church was plundered of its accumulated treasures, and of the pillars and marbles once plundered by Justinian from the no less beautiful shrines of classic deities. For nine centuries the church had stood as the centre of Greek Orthodox faith, and around it had raged the controversies of impalpable metaphysics to which the Greek mind was naturally prone—controversies more subtle, though hardly less embittered, than the doctrinal divisions of the Western Churches. Now, for nearly 470 years, though retaining the name of Wisdom (since Wisdom is universally assumed among the Divine attributes), and though still haunted by strange omens and visions of a Christian past, the great church has been a Mohammedan mosque, the old inscriptions nearly obliterated, the sacred mosaics upon its walls whitewashed over, the set of the building, as we said, thrust all askew so as to point south rather than east, toward the Prophet's tomb. Into what hands it is now to be entrusted is one among the many minor problems lying before the politicians who are assumed to be seeking and pursuing peace.

Indeed, it is hardly to be called a minor question, even among the enormous problems now affecting the very existence of mankind. That ancient dome, now barely supported by its flanking walls, stands as a sacred symbol to the whole Greek race, and to the whole Greek form of Christianity, including such religion as may remain in the Russian Empire and the Balkan States: including even Bulgaria, where the Exarchist schism is still young as schisms go, and where the thought of a Bulgarian Tsar entering the City and restoring the Cross to Saint Sophia acted like a divine inspiration upon the Bulgarian peasant soldiers in the Balkan War of 1912. Restoration to the Orthodox Church would seem quite easy, were it not that the church has become a symbol to Islam as well, and Moslems can found their claim on present possession and constant use. There must be a Statute of Limitations to historical claims, they might well plead; otherwise to what form of Christian religion should the old cathedrals of England belong? "Shall idolaters who kiss pictures and bow before the semblance of created man, worship again in the shrine which the

Sword of Islam has purged? Will you light a spark of unquenchable rage in the hearts of millions among the Faithful inhabiting the vast regions of a British Empire, soon to be made vaster still? Rather will we shatter the holy building itself before we go, and leave the Greeks nothing but a ruin of crumbling stones to weep over."

And then, there are the historians to be considered, and no good historian wishes to erase the tale of four and a half centuries from any monument. All would treat every trace of history with respect, just as Dean Stanley, for instance, preferred to preserve the amazing tombs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in the Abbey. And, on the other side, are the artists, who long to behold those mosaics of reputed splendor again revealed from behind the whitewash. And there are the picturesque tourists, whose opinions would probably be divided between a certain affection for the picturesque Turk, an inquisitive desire to see what beauties a transformation might discover, and a dilettante horror of restoration in any form. It is true that politicians and diplomatists do not take much stock of historians, artists, or lovers of the picturesque; but from them, also, a clamor will arise, no matter what the decision of the Conference may be, and the clamor will not be all on one side.

So that the problem is far from easy, and we can hardly presume to decide where division among the religious and the learned remains so violent. One solution does, however, occur to us as possible. How would it be to leave the building in the hands of the Moslems till they can no longer say: "See now how you Christians hate each other! See with what vehemence your Bishops, Clergy, and Statesmen contradict the plain and decisive teaching of your nominal Master and God! See with what fury you exact vengeance upon your enemies, whom your Master commanded you to love! See how you persecute, imprison, and torture the men who attempt to follow your Master's words! See to what barren ritual and formalities you have reduced His vital inspiration for creating a new spirit in the world! And how you hate those who differ among you even upon points of ritual and formality! Would it not be as well to leave the recovery of your Church of God's Wisdom until you have recovered your God?"

VULGARITY.

WE are prone to mock the Victorians and we are not quite unjustified. The legacy of their impossible furniture still encumbers many a home and lingers on in lodgings, where it will presumably moulder till the crack of doom or the arrival of the artist-craftsman state. Their red-brick Gothic stands irremovably to cast its gloom over suburban glades, and even the stainless sea is corrupted by the offensive gobbets of urbanity they have thrown on its creeks. Giants there were in those days, giants we sorely lack. But they stood in a loneliness as pronounced as the isolation of our own artists and thinkers. For a moment, perhaps, we can afford to raise a scornful finger. After all, we have broken down some of their silences. We confess more readily to being mammals; we admit publicly the existence of venereal disease; our mothers vote; our sisters ride motor-bicycles; we are even beginning to believe in bath-rooms for all, and the unspeakable peril of the Open Bedroom Window is being widely braved in districts long adamant to such domestic Spartacism.

The Victorian middle-class family, prosperous and self-righteous, was ludicrous, perhaps, but Puritanism, after all, has done more for the world than we nowadays are willing to admit. Our grandfathers, we say, were stodgy, pompous, and soused in ugliness and humbug. But we must leave it at that. To scorn them and go on our way rejoicing in our own superiority is only to be super-Victorian. Who are we that we should throw their Marcus Stones in their faces? We have our own conspicuous glass houses.

They specialized in pomposity, we in levity; and there are limits even to lightness of heart. We have

developed a sense of humor, but we laugh at the wrong place. They were snobbish, but snobbishness, like Shakespeare its apostle, was not for an age but for all time. Contempt for the greasy mob and rude mechanicals did not arise with the first Reform Bill, nor has it perished with the last. Much of the Victorian prudery and narrowness we have hunted out or driven into the impenetrable coverts of villadom. But, if we may turn self-critical and seek the prevailing vice of our age, it is plain that we have fallen victims to something which our fathers escaped. They did not approach us in vulgarity.

What do we mean by the word vulgar? Originally, of course, it was merely a synonym for common. Shakespeare can call the atmosphere "the vulgar air" without any sense of condemnation. He and most of his fellows wrote for court circles and despised the general. Naturally the word vulgar, like the word common, soon acquired a contemptuous flavor. Pepys described the music of trumpets and kettledrums as "dull vulgar music," and by Shelley's time the word was used in a sense that would have seemed harshest paradox to Shakespeare—

"Gold,

Below whose image bow the vulgar great."

(Queen Mab.)

The circle has been turned; vulgarity has become the attribute of the few. It is no longer commonness, but rather the futile effort to be uncommon. "Making believe to be what you are not is the essence of vulgarity," writes Oliver Wendell Holmes in the "Professor." But that is scarcely a wide enough definition. Here, indeed, is the commencement: the small man playing at greatness. Trimalchio seeking to outdo the flower of Roman elegance, the callow, curled youth who quotes unquenchably the stupider mots of Oscar Wilde; the profiteer playing at statesman; the gentleman in jewellery. Follows on this a more unlovely sight, the mean man made great by chance. A crisis arises. Then is the call for sanity, deep wisdom, perhaps for eloquence, at all events for dignity. The mean man flounders and fails; he resorts to the devices whereby he climbed; he relies on chicanery, and his speeches win him the old time guerdon of "Loud Laughter." And meantime perhaps the lives of a million are on the balance. He has achieved many things; vulgarity not least.

Vulgarity is littleness misplaced. The small man, rich in artifice, can never handle big and elemental things. Vulgarity, for instance, is not obscenity. No one would call Aristophanes, Rabelais, or Shakespeare vulgar, but all are obscene. They are saved by their spiritual dimensions; vulgarity is of sniggering dwarfs, not of roaring giants. But Gilbert was vulgar with his perpetual ridicule of the elderly and desperate virgin, for he was sniggering at the elementary. And those schoolboy giggles of our musical comedies, which the modern girl may enjoy without shame, are not a whit better than the silences of the Victorians. Rag-time, again, is not vulgar in itself. It is but the appropriate music of our progressive civilization with its philosophy of hustle and its contempt for balance, grace, and rhythm. Rag-time as the genuine self-expression of a fevered community has something tremendous and virile about it. But rag-time as a craze turns into the merest vulgarity. What could be more vulgar than the new sensation dances imported monthly from America? The ludicrous sprightliness of the Victorian polka or the old hop-valse may rouse our gentle scorn, but it was certainly far removed from the inane promenading of a modern ball-room. We wonder which Plato would have preferred.

Vulgarity has its roots in inadaptability. It is the small amid great surroundings, a smirk amid deep passions, the superficial amid colossal verities. Perhaps it is because of the swift, enormous happenings of our time that our pettiness stands up in humiliating contrast. The honeyed optimism of Tennyson was brought to no stern arbitrament of steel and gold, of blood and broken laws. The Victorians lived placidly, their wars were

decently remote, their Mutiny was in India. Their multitude accepted faithfully the convenient creed,

"The heavens, themselves, the planets, and the centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, all in line of order."

But we have no such calm. Our wars are vaster and indecently adjacent. A continent has torn up the easy Gospel of Degree. Old tyrannies reel, and nobodies go climbing into empty thrones. Who knows but what the world's great age begins anew? It is not an easy environment to which we must conform; nor can everyone be translated to the stage of the world's great tragedy and find the voice, the verse, and the motions that befit a drama so tremendous. We are tested more searchingly than our grandfathers. Yet one feels that we might have done better. Is our photo press, with its screams and snarls, its garrulous frivolity and its inhuman triviality, is this the voice of the people? For here is vulgarity indeed, the mean response to awful happenings. We do not ask for pompous periods and gloomy smugness. But photographs of grinning nobodies, secret stories of the week, Mayfair gossip, dope scandals, and mere splutters of idle hate, what are these but the very form and fashion of vulgarity when taken as the comments of a mighty nation on the mightiest travail of mankind? Perhaps vulgarity is more an offence against the aesthetic than against moral values. Compared with the statesmen of the eighteenth century we have more righteous men. Our petty scandals can never achieve their unparalleled ideal of corruption; our little license is but a drop in the ocean of their lewdness. But those three-bottle men could rise to an occasion from their drinking, and fine issues touched them finely. Trevelyan's early history of Charles James Fox spares us nothing of the current depravity, yet leaves a sense of quality in public life which is lacking to-day. Giants of debauchery those statesmen often were, but still giants; and vulgarity is not of giants.

Vulgarity, then, has reversed its former meaning. It is not the many who are vulgar now. It is rather the pushing few, the would-be somebodies, the new arrivals, the latest shoots and creepers of parasitic plutocracy. Not vulgarity, but toleration of vulgarity, is the weakness of the multitude. After all, the great silent majority is far more Victorian than we often realise, retaining both the vices and the virtues of that age. Yet the flash and tinsel of superficial swagger have their undoubted fascination; and before the insurgent democracy rises, axe in hand, to cut away the parasitic growths, there are many who find the national oak more lovely for its ruinous adornment. Aristocracy has usually the quality of dignity; a vigorous democracy has fire. But plutocracy, being the rule of little souls with big possessions, is the very hot-bed of vulgarity. For little souls must needs aspire to distinction, and distinction demands more than the aspiration of unimaginative strangers. When democracy comes into its own, it may at the worst be blind, brutish, and vindictive, but it is one of the giants and is never merely vulgar. Paradoxical though it may sound, the real cure for vulgarity is not to have less of the mob, but more of it.

THE SPIRIT OF RUSSIAN SOCIALISM.

In ancient Rome the mental activities of the educated classes turned almost entirely to the exercise of law, their language and thoughts being those of the jurist. The early Church in Italy, when its mind went outside the relatively narrow avenues of Church history, became absorbed in the intellectual pre-occupations of the educated people, and dwelt on the problems of the state of nature and of mental responsibility, of inheritance and the kindred subjects of debts and duties. In theology these problems appeared in the questions of the Fall of Adam, of conceptions of sin, of the inherited debt we incur from being the sons of Adam, who fell from grace, and of the redemption which was effected by the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord. The

relation of property law to theology and to thought has given a peculiar turn to life in the West, which is markedly different to that found further East.

In Ancient Greece the mental activities of the educated classes turned almost entirely to the exercise of metaphysics, their language and thought resembling that of the philosopher whose concern is more with the soul and its relationship to God than with property and civil law. The atmosphere of St. John's Gospel recalls Athens as the Pauline Epistles recall Rome. The Greek philosophy and the Greek Orthodox Church influenced the civilization which embraced them, as Roman law and the Roman Catholic Faith influenced Western civilization. In the case of the Greek Orthodox Church the country most affected was Russia.

It is not the purpose of this article to compute, but merely to indicate, the somewhat divergent tendencies of the two schools on modern Socialist thought; it is relevant, however, to note the early date of the divergence. The Socialism of Marx was of Protestant origin; without going into details it is sufficient to say that the basis of that doctrine is economic and political. Socialists who have adhered to its principles discuss as fundamental propositions the ownership of property, the right to vote—to make and unmake laws, the relation of children to their parents and the State, and the power of the State to rule the lives of the people. The old problems of the Roman jurists are not given a theological but a social application.

In the East the eternal problems are still "inward," metaphysical, and indeterminate. The rise of Christianity gave the discussions a slightly different color, the real basis was not changed; the insatiable desire to discuss the Divine nature, the questions of Transubstantiation and of the Trinity led the minds of the people away from problems of contract, of inheritance, of duties and rights, of property and mental responsibility. Sin was conceived of in terms of relationship to God, not with reference to an act; redemption was for those who believed in the great sacrifice of our Lord.

In Russia the Government suppression of opinion and action tended in times past to increase the development of the theoretical side of modern social speculation and to cripple action till it found only spasmodic and often futile expression. But while the theorists in the towns were for ever speculating on the processes governing human action, in the villages the mystical element of religion was actively influencing the life of the community. In the villages I have constantly come across instances where a man was not punished because punishment would not change the heart of the sinner but would only embitter him and make the operation of "the spirit" in his life more difficult. It is significant that the Gospel of St. John is the most popular with the peasantry. Many times the peasants have said to me, when I have described our English institutions and Government, that they preferred the Mir, because it had no system of administration and was entirely free and without laws. And it is a thing to be noted that, while many factors contributed to produce the result, the Russian Empire was maintained without a code of law that was widely recognised, while all the kingdoms of Western Europe were developing very definite systems based for the most part on the Institutes of Justinian and the views of its exponents. Russia, like the Greek State, seemed to get along without a sound body of law.

The Socialist thought of Russia, which found representative expression in Bakunin, differed widely from the Marxian doctrines, the great division in the first International resulting largely from these differences. The Bakunin following accused the German group of Socialists of self-seeking, of haggling for the prizes of civilisation, for property, for forms of law and society. The Marxian following accused the Russian group of having no sound ideas of law or order, of being Anarchists, of being visionaries.

The revolution in Russia has brought the Socialists of that country into power, and they have been faced with the problems of organization and legislation with which every government has to contend. It so happens that the present revolutionists have had little previous

experience of administration and must learn as they proceed. Owing to the way in which the Imperial Government controlled the officials, and did not invite criticism, the people who have now come to power have had little education from the Government itself, and have not had a body of law to study which was recognised as a sound embodiment of the will and wisdom of the people. They have had great experience in solving the theoretical problems which are the basis of Russian speculation, and they are trying to embody these doctrines in a practice which is hard to follow by reason of the scanty documentary contributions which come down to us from the past. The rebuilders of France turned during their revolution to the commentaries on Roman law; the contemporary historian was able to refer to the same source and estimate fairly justly the course of events. But what have we to turn to to come to a just conclusion on the trend of events in Russia? A study of the Imperial ukases reveals little jurisprudence that can be seriously considered as embodying the spirit of the people, or as a guidance to those who are responsible now for the dispensation of justice. By what are we to judge this present Muscovite Government? If we consider the Red Terror, we must associate it in our minds with the riots and bloodshed which occurred in Roman history, and search for other materials for historic investigation which may live longer in the minds of men than the sufferings of a most unfortunate multitude, just as we incline to forget the massacres by the Pretorian Guard when studying Roman Law and estimating the influence of that Empire on civilisation.

The writer believes that the contribution of the Russian peasant to civilisation is now striving for expression in Russia. The peasant is trying to raise a government based on the "common will," which is the influencing factor in the decisions of his village Mir. He is still not concerned with law, with the importance of private property, with security of any kind based on action taken by the State; he believes that security is based on the spiritual relation between men. His view is not that the State is a "corporation," so ably defined by German jurists, but that the State is a "spirit," which has hardly found popular expression anywhere.

To what sources can we turn to study this position? This paper is written to suggest that a Russian should study Roman Law and Pauline theology in order to follow Western Socialism, and that for the understanding of the Eastern Socialism it is necessary to pursue Greek metaphysics, to read the Russian writers, and above all to live in and be a part of a Russian village community.

JOHN RICKMAN.

The Drama.

THE FAITH OF A FRENCH INTELLECTUAL.

M. Claudel's "L'Otage," produced by the Pioneers, at the Scala Theatre.

I THINK if I were a director of propaganda, sacred or profane, I should not enrol M. Claudel among my missionaries *in partibus*. I should be afraid that he would be rather too clever. Between the ardor of his faith and the subtlety of his intellect he would expose too many of the mysteries and keep most of the graces to himself. And by such methods I should be inclined to doubt whether he would ever secure a convert. His success in making Catholicism repulsive is as undoubted as his skill in reducing it to a logical form. But as in the process of assuring the soul's peace he reduces it to a desert, I should, I think, select him for a special evangelist to Lenin, and watch with interest the result. Take his "Hostage," wonderfully produced last Sunday afternoon by the Pioneers. A friend of mine suggests that if the Church had been wise, "L'Otage" would long ago have been placed on the Index. For in these days it does not seem advisable to suggest that the Church is even a greater tyrant than the State, and that its heaviest penalties are reserved for its most faithful souls. That, in the idealistic sense of which M. Claudel

is a singularly perverse interpreter, may be true enough. But M. Claudel claims for the Church the right to make martyrs for its political no less than for its spiritual aims, and assumes its politics to be those of Louis XVIII. in 1814. Is that a heresy? I should have thought it was. Certainly a good deal of pious Catholicism has striven to make it so.

For the entire art of the play is to depict, with delicate and prolonged cruelty, the depravation of a soul. At whose hands? Those of the Church, whose mission is to save souls, not to damn them. Sygne de Coüfontaine is simply laid on the altar, like Iphigenia, and the fire kindled round her by priestly hands. To what end? M. Claudel defaces history in order to fashion one. He creates an absurd and unhistorical crisis by figuring Pius VII. as in peril of recapture or death by Napoleon after an imagined flight from his captivity at Fontainebleau. Therefore, as Turelure, the odious Prefect of the Marne, has discovered the secret, and demanded Sygne's hand as the price of his silence, she must be sacrificed. Pius himself is not consulted, and, in fact, it was Napoleon who was in danger, and the Pope's great act of passive resistance which was shaking his gimcrack empire to its fall. M. Claudel is alive to the fineness of Pius's character, and it is one of the many inconsistencies of the play that he feels himself constrained to make him a Christian—a real Christian. Why, then, must poor Sygne be tortured and ruined? To prove M. Claudel's thesis. And M. Claudel's thesis is that of absolute obedience to the spiritual authority. It is no good destroying Sygne, yet that is the point of the play. You merely tear an exquisite thing in pieces—a lovely, a Christian soul—for nothing that could not have happened as the inexorable web of events spun itself out. Sygne is snatched from her Legitimist lover; well, the portly Louis was bound to come to his own again. She is married to a low, scheming brute, that he may the more quickly betray his master. But in 1814 a hundred Turelures were ready to betray Napoleon. All that happens is that Sygne herself is lost; one more pearl cast on the rubbish-heap of the Church's political failures. It is not surprising that M. Claudel, hampered with such a dramatic scheme, should be unable to pursue it poetically, as he opens it, and closes it on a scene of rather absurd melodrama. Therein compare "L'Otage" with "Brand." Ibsen's idealist is borne on steady pinions through the eternal snows up through the infinite azure of the ideal. Absolute negation is his lot, as that of Sygne. God is all; the world has been emptied into nothingness. But Sygne is merely prostituted, muddled over, and killed. For what? To prove the divine wisdom of the Church, her long-sightedness, and her right to claim the fairest of the sons and daughters of men. But what Church? The Church of St. Francis and St. Thomas? Not at all. The Church of the Boulevard St. Germain.

This is M. Claudel's dramatic idea. The extremity of his decadence and that of his school is seen in the ruthlessness of his picture of the martyrdom of Sygne at the hands of her confessor. He *means* to exhibit an outraged woman; to show you devotion spurned at the foot of the Cross, and a lamb asking pity at the hands of the Good Shepherd, and asking it in vain. This is modern French intellectualism; a horrible, and also a futile thing, for so long as such profanities are allowed to be spoken in the name of the Roman Church, so long will her natural grace be obscured, and the successive revolts of the liberal spirit seem more than justified. Exhibit such a play, and ninety-nine people out of a hundred will be horrified. The hundredth will say: "Yes, it is quite right. The individual is nothing; the cause everything. Of course, you must do wrong that right may come, and be untrue even to your higher self so that the highest may be served. Of course (as in war), you may take the 'no' out of the Commandments, so that your pastors and masters may be the better able to keep the 'yes' in the Creed." But M. Claudel is perverse enough to alienate even that kind of intellectual approbation. For Sygne is dragged to the embrace of her disgusting mate only that the Legitimist-Catholic

cause shall be served (as in the sequel to the play it is served) by a child who inherits his mother's revolt and his father's corruption. For the Church, therefore, nothing is saved; she has merely carried on tradition, and made a barren and unintelligent assertion of her spiritual "rights." Her net loss is the individual soul of Sygne. Sygne is a conscientious objector against the violation of her body and the destruction of her spirit. As a Christian she was right to object, to deny her Confessor's right to save the Pope's life or his liberty at the price of her soul. And she was right on the facts. For in the end her entire self-surrender puts the crown not so much on Louis's head as on that of Turelure, murderer of monks and double apostate. It does more. It ruins her cousin spiritually, and in his hopes as a crusader of the Church and of the Legitimist cause. Georges, deserted and despairing, kills her and himself. Sygne, bereft of faith, hope, and love, refuses the last absolving rites of the Church. Georges renounces Louis, the compromising king, and Louis's political god. Alone Turelure, the god of this world, stands erect and triumphant. The rest is not silence, but chaos. The good human will is destroyed; nothing remains in which the divine spirit can find a home.

M. Claudel is an artist, and the perverse logic of his conception is wrought to the last detail of malicious piety. Monsieur Badillon, the confessor, who, with gentle cunning, draws Sygne into the net of her renunciation; Georges, the narrow enthusiast; the brutal Turelure and the gentle Pius; and Sygne herself, fine flower of the Catholic faith, are all studies, not, indeed, of humanity, but of human types necessary to the elaboration of M. Claudel's dramatic scheme. As with the author, so with the artists. If Mr. Brember Wills's Pope was beautifully finished work, Mr. Fisher White's Father Badillon was equally accomplished, and of still greater subtlety, for if it is not easy to represent a saint, it is more difficult still to make a suitable combination of sanctity and cruelty. Mr. White did all that M. Claudel could have asked him to do, and Miss Sybil Thorndike seemed to me to do even more. Since the days of Duse I have seen nothing like her scene of agony before the crucifix. Rarely is a young artist able to open the deeper fountains of human grief and pour out their waters in the abandonment of its appeal. Work, so refined, so exquisitely interpretative, and so highly emotional, would in any country but ours raise Miss Thorndike to the top of her profession. M. Claudel does not fall behind his conception. He comprehends its horror and permits no touch of commonness to the priest who gently pushes his spiritual child to her doom. Miss Thorndike's intelligence was as equal to the strain put upon it as were her physical resources, and no higher praise could be given. Much the same may be said of Miss Edith Craig's production. She had to provide a poetic, half-mystical setting for the first half of the play, and to present a hard, literal picture of the second. In both she was entirely successful. The only quarrel one could have with it was the appearance of the King's suite in the chamber where lie Georges and Sygne, and the holding of the Royal Court over their bodies. Nothing so remarkable as this play has been seen in London for many a year, nor so much power and skill displayed in the art of representation.

H. W. M.

Letters to the Editor.

THE CLAIM FOR A WAR INDEMNITY.

SIR,—The following letter was sent to the Editor of the "Spectator," but has not been published in that paper. As it relates to a question which seems to be a proper subject for discussion, I should be glad if you could give it hospitality in your columns. It may be pointed out that the "Spectator" itself admitted that the interpretation, in the Allied "Memorandum" to President Wilson, of the President's principle of restoration of invaded territories, "had to be strained to include an indemnity"—and this with regard to a statement which was put forward by the Allies for the professed purpose of preventing any doubts as to the implications of the principle of compensation which they were accepting.

IS PELMANISM A MEMORY COURSE? A PREVALENT FALLACY.

To a very considerable number of people, Pelmanism means nothing more than a method of improving one's memory. A chance remark overheard the other day is typical of much ill-founded criticism levelled against Pelmanism. A business man, in commenting on a Pelman announcement in a newspaper, said to a friend: "I've not much faith in these mnemonic systems myself. They're too much like crutches—all very well if you're lame and must use them, but it's much better to be able to dispense with them altogether."

Why this idea of Pelmanism should be so widespread at the present time is difficult to understand. In the hundreds of articles on Pelmanism written by leading men and women, and published in every important periodical in the country, it has been repeatedly pointed out that Pelmanism is far more than a mere memory course.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's Discovery.

But perhaps there is some excuse for the prevalence of this wrong impression, for Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in his report on Pelmanism, admits that he had made the mistake so many others make of supposing that the instruction aimed only at training the memory. He says: "That it (the Pelman System) started with this for its main purpose seems pretty clear to an inquirer who follows through these booklets its reasoned account of itself. But to the inquirer it is even more obvious that Pelmanism, making sure of its ground and feeling its strength, is pushing its claims a great deal further. Indeed, if we once admit Pelmanism to be a system (1) scientifically based on its principles, and (2) working successfully—not to say working wonders—in practice, there is no reason at all why it should stop at training the memory. Every reason, rather, why it should go on to assert itself over the whole field of mental training, and, yet further, to offer its help in the formation of character."

What Does Pelmanism Embrace?

Let us glance for a moment at the Synopsis of the twelve lessons which form the Pelman Course, and see for ourselves some of the subjects embraced in the system. Here are twenty of the chapter or section headings from the lessons themselves:—

Human Energy—energy develops ability and formulates character.
Method of self-analysis and self-drill.
Analysis in business.
Will as dependent on thought and feeling.
The education of the will.
Auto-suggestion—use in education and business.
Diagram of mind-wandering.
External and internal conditions of concentration.
Mental powers—their order of development.
Imagination—method of training.
Importance of analogies.
How to originate ideas.
Brain fag.
The hygiene of study.
Self-expression develops ability.
The art of reasoning.
How different opinions arise.
The influence of mind on mind.
Courage: the primary virtue.
Studies in self-knowledge.

You will notice that not one of these headings refers exclusively to memory, although all of them involve that faculty to a greater or lesser degree. Indeed, they cover almost the whole range of mental activity, and show that Pelmanism is designed, not merely to aid those with weak and inefficient memories, but to help everyone to use his or her faculties to the full.

The Better Your Memory, the More Pelmanism Helps.

"My memory's pretty good—I don't need Pelmanism," is a remark one frequently hears. This

statement is based on the same false premise that Pelmanism is simply memory training. If you take the trouble to investigate the claims of Pelmanism, you are inevitably led to the conclusion that the possessor of a good natural memory can extract more benefit from Pelmanism than those who are handicapped by a poor memory. The latter have, so to speak, to build from the ground upward, whereas the man or woman gifted with a good memory has an excellent foundation on which Pelmanism can quickly erect a solid structure of complete mental efficiency.

The most convincing proof that Pelmanism is of infinitely greater usefulness than memory training pure and simple can possibly be found in the letters received by the Pelman Institute from its students. There is hardly one of these communications which does not dwell upon some advantage derived from Pelmanism quite unconnected with memory improvement. Here are a few comments culled from some of these letters:—

- (M6080) "My Pelman training has helped me to decide and to act."
- (D6109) "I have a wider outlook and a grip on business matters that I did not possess before."
- (B6007) "I have more confidence in myself and am more optimistic."
- (W6123) "I have developed a real live interest in my business."
- (W6129) "I consider the lesson on Personality is alone worth the whole fee."
- (H6327) "I experience a marked improvement, especially in self-confidence and keener observation."
- (N6002) "I have learned to avoid fear and cultivate courage."
- (M4825) "It has materially lightened my work in many ways."
- (S5050) "A more concise and better arrangement of ideas in public speaking."
- (K6030) "My will power and personality are considerably stronger."
- (S6297) "Self-consciousness and an abject fear of criticism have vanished."
- (S6100) "I have found the training of great value in clearness of mental vision."
- (G5160) "Its value lies in its suggestiveness and in not burdening the mind."
- (L323) "I have attained the objects I had in mind when enrolling—namely, Concentration, Will Power, and Reasoning."
- (T5175) "Before, I could not think out any original scheme, but now my mind is better fitted to do so."
- (C4276) "Ambition is now a greater force within me."

To continue these brief extracts (and pages of this journal could easily be filled with similar expressions of satisfaction) would merely be wearisome. Those given will serve the purpose, which is to show the enormous scope and power of Pelmanism as a scientific means of all-round self-development.

To ask the question, "Is Pelmanism a memory course?" is, therefore, something like asking whether a five-pound note is worth fifteen shillings. The answer in either case is the same: "Emphatically, yes! and a very great deal besides!"

Now write for a free copy of "Mind and Memory," in which the Pelman Course is fully described and explained, and which also contains a full Synopsis of the Course. With this you will also receive an unabridged reprint of "Truth's" sensational Report on Pelmanism, and particulars showing you how to secure the complete Course at a reduced fee. Address your application to the Pelman Institute, 97, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

Personally, I have never been in favour of letting Germany off lightly in the matter of reparation; but the Indemnity policy of the Government seems to be wanting, not only in humanity and common sense, but in mere honesty.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR FLOYD.

Coulsdon, March 25th, 1919.

[COPY.]

To the Editor of the "Spectator."

SIR.—In your issues of March 1st and 8th, which I have just had the opportunity of seeing, you pointed out that the financial clauses of the Armistice terms were prefaced by a reservation that any future claims of the Allies were to remain unaffected, and you drew the conclusion that this gave the Allies "complete freedom of financial action."

But this surely ignores the sequence of the events which resulted in the signing of the Armistice. The terms on which the European Allies declared their willingness to make peace (not to "discuss" it, as you say) with Germany were contained, not in the Armistice conditions (which were necessarily of an "interim" character), but in the Allied Memorandum to President Wilson which was embodied by him in his final reply to Germany. In that Memorandum, in view of which the Armistice was signed, the Allies stated quite explicitly their willingness to make peace with Germany on the President's terms, with two qualifications. Neither the President's terms nor the two qualifications made any reference to a claim for the cost of the war; and we have therefore, I think, no right to make it.

In laying down certain financial stipulations as part of the Armistice conditions, the Allies naturally made it clear that these did not necessarily cover all their financial requirements. But do you really contend that this reservation in the Armistice conditions relieved us from the obligation of standing by the terms on which we had just declared our willingness to make peace? Surely it is obvious that it did not; and that, on the contrary, it must be read in the light of those terms.

You speak of the "gross charge," against the Prime Minister, of breach of faith. But the question is not whether the charge is "gross" but whether it is true. I have not myself been able to escape the conclusion that it is; and that the European Allies have, in this matter, deserted the straight road of principle. The sooner we get back on to it, the better!—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR FLOYD.

March 15th, 1919.

[We publish this letter as the matter in dispute concerns a charge that the "Spectator" made against THE NATION.]

REVOLUTION OR PROGRESS?

SIR.—Will you permit two Socialist "extremists" (there are still some out of jail both in Britain and the U.S.), who read THE NATION with invariable interest and occasional agreement, to juxtapose the concluding phrases of three sections in "Events of the Week," issue of March 22, 1919? They run as follows:—

1. "... Even a bad League of Nations ... offers a road by which the world can rise to an atmosphere of international equity. A peace without the League permits no escape at all."

2. [Apropos of the Industrial Conference.] "The creation of some form of representative machinery will be a great step to industrial peace."

3. "... Mr. George will soon have to choose whether he will base his Government on Liberalism or on Toryism. A trick-riding cannot bestride two horses which have broken loose and are plunging violently in opposite directions."

The antics of Parliamentary government seem to us of little moment, but your forecast is probably sound, and your circus simile is excellent. The object of the juxtaposition will not fail to strike you. Capital and Labour are two horses which have broken loose, &c., and the representative machinery of which you speak, be it Whitleyism or some yet more subtly devised method of securing "industrial peace," is (happily) as little likely to succeed as Mr. Lloyd George—indeed, far less likely, for there is much in common between Liberalism and Toryism, whilst there cannot possibly be a common interest between the class that lives by ownership and the class that lives by labor.

Your League, once more, is the trick rider attempting an impossible feat. League or no League, the world is undergoing division into Bolshevik or Spartacist nations representing those that live by labor. The League of Nations, a League of capitalist Governments, flying the flag of bourgeois democracy, would probably succeed in prolonging for a few brief years, among the Allied nations, the lease of capitalism—but the capitalists apparently do not know their own silly business. The conflict between rival capitalist groups which has devastated the world for more than four years is giving place under our very eyes to a conflict between capitalist democracy and socialist ergatocracy, between capitalist governments and bolshevist workers for whom the International is the human race. The fate of that trick rider denominating the League of Nations is of trifling importance to those who envisage the world issues with the eyes of To-morrow's Children.—Yours, &c.,

EDEN AND CEDAR PAUL.

London, March 23rd, 1919.

"THE TRIUMPH OF LISTER AND JENNER."

SIR.—I have but just seen your issue of March 1st, and have read with a sense of exhaustion and despair the article on Woods Hutchinson's book, "The Doctor in War," and entitled "The Triumph of Lister and Jenner."

Having given a disinterested attention to medical controversies, especially that of vaccination, for some seventeen years, and particularly, during the last five, as editor of the "Vaccination Enquirer," I have come to the opinion that there is no body of men more busily engaged in disseminating untruth than the orthodox medical profession.

Editors, especially since the war, seem to think it a patriotic duty to publish any statement supplied them by the dominant (and interested) medical clique, and to turn down any criticism

of such statements from independent sources. I am therefore loath to write at length as I may be wasting my time.

However, I take two or three points:—

1. Dr. H. says we lost sixteen soldiers in battle to one from disease! Where does he get his figures? Our spokesmen in Parliament cannot get them. We want to know how many men passed as fit into the Army were subsequently discharged as unfit from other causes than wounds. That is the figure which would give us a clue to the amount of sickness in the Army. We would also like to know how many of such discharged are now dead. The mortality from influenza in soldiers' camps and troopships has been notorious and shocking. We submit that their susceptibility has been enhanced through the repeated blood poisoning by inoculation. No attempt has been made to test this theory by a system of "controls." According to a magazine "Recalled to Life," started in the interests of soldiers and sailors (1917), of 1,000 discharged from the Army, 547 were due to disease against 453 due to wounds! Which makes Dr. Hutchinson's wild figures look rather silly.

According to "A. G. G." in the "Daily News" (July 3rd, 1915), we were in that year losing 24 per cent. of our wounded! Worse than in the Crimea!

The Heads of the A.M.C. have throughout obstructed our efforts to get at vital facts.

On such information as one can glean, I reckon that much over a million men have been discharged from the Army for disease alone.

2. "Both the French and German Armies suffered heavily from typhoid during the first year of the war." They did—because "less than 10 per cent. of them were vaccinated." An absolute mis-statement. Inoculation for typhoid was made compulsory by law in the French Army in 1913. That the German Army was also thoroughly inoculated I could cite ample evidence.

3. "The American Army has had scarcely a death from typhoid," &c. If you will look at the "Lance," for last November 16th, you will see an account of 95 cases of admittedly true typhoid in one American company of 248, all recently inoculated or re-inoculated! Death-rate 13 per cent.

And these are the folk who are going to control our daily lives through the new Ministry of Health! Alas our country! Yours, &c.,

E. B. McCORMICK

National Liberal Club. March 12th, 1919.

GERMAN BOHEMIA.

SIR.—From your Editorial Notes in THE NATION of March 22nd it seems to me that you are under the impression that so-called "German Bohemia" is a compact and purely German territory containing about 3½ million Germans, which the Czechs want to annex. In correcting these views I hope you will allow me to quote a memorandum which the Czechs-Slovak Delegation at the recent Berne Conference presented to the International, and which is expressing the views of both Czech Socialist Parties as regards the question of Bohemian Germans. This memorandum says:—

"Owing to the defeat of German and Austro-Hungarian militarism and Imperialism the Czechs-Slovaks have now obtained their right to self-determination. Politically the self-determination of nations means the right of each nation to its own State. A vital necessity of a State is a geographically and economically united territory. The parts of Bohemia which the Germans call 'German Bohemia' belonged for more than a thousand years to the Czech State, forming geographically, economically, and politically an integral part of it. So-called 'German Bohemia' is not German, for it is inhabited also by Czech population. These parts to which the Germans came as colonists were originally purely Czech. When the Habsburgs violently destroyed the independence of the Czech State they began to Germanise forcibly the Czech lands. In 'German Bohemia' German capitalists forced Czech workers to send their children to German schools, and the Czech economically dependent population was forcibly registered as German. Thus the statistics on which the Germans rely were falsified. But in spite of all violence the Germans did not succeed in extirpating the Czech population; there are hundreds of thousands of Czechs living in 'German Bohemia.'"

"The Germans have their State, and if there are some insignificant fragments of the German nation living in another State, this State cannot be crippled in its existence and unity by carving out of the German fragments. There are about half a million Czechs living in Vienna, and we do not ask them for our State, knowing well that they have to content themselves with rights of minority. The German minority in Bohemia should also be contented with rights of minority."

Yours, &c.,

ALEXANDER BROZ.

Czech Press Bureau, 9, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

March 24th, 1919.

1815 AND 1919.

SIR.—May I venture to point out that you have omitted in your summary of the action of the Congress of Vienna some points which should materially affect your conclusions?

First, as to the admission of the enemy to the joint Executive of the Governments of Europe. If the founders of the Congress had admitted to that position a Republican or Napoleonic France, no doubt they would have shown great moderation, and, probably great wisdom. But they had forced on France a Government of which Frenchmen had twice shown their dislike, and which they eventually dismissed into well-deserved obscurity. Blundering as many of the actions of our present European rulers have been, they have hitherto been saved from the accomplishment of that fatal mistake; and it is just because

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietor: H. Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

WILD ORGIES.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



"Annexationists"

IT is a sad acknowledgment, but I am a rotten martyr, and nothing bores me more than to dine in the company of a few hundred men at what is optimistically called a "Banquet." I am neither temperamentally nor physically constituted to appreciate these dimly comic functions. The gods have not endowed my stomach with obesity, my nose is not tinted with a purple hue, my appetite is too delicate to be tempted with Armistician plenty, and I evidently lack a sense of humour, since I claim no virtue in the confession that the port wine stories of portly gentlemen leave me chilly.

And what a spectacle! Masses of rotund men in a solid uniformity of their ugly black tail-coats. The only relief in colour is the occasional glint of a bloodshot eye, or the florid flush on the cheek of the dyspeptic. And Dionysus departed.

Eve may be frail, but her company is infinitely preferable to Adam's black solidity.

Why do men make such blots of themselves?

Yet directly reform is mentioned, fools shriek.

"Let us hope," shrilly protests the writer in a daily paper, "that this scheme will be killed by laughter. . . . Colour is not for Englishmen. . . . Man goes forth to his work and his labour until the evening, happy in the possession of rainproof boots, a stout mackintosh, and a sound umbrella."

What a life! And what an ideal!

Simply because there is a general reaction against their beloved funeral shades, timorous souls conjure up absurd visions of shapeless elderly gentlemen with pronounced bow windows dexterously avoiding the motor-buses attired in emerald green coats, and brilliant nether garments of the Regency period—a sight which would, however, at the very least add to the gaiety of the younger generation.

The believers in colour have not, and never had, the notion of springing pink trousers upon an astonished and unsophisticated world.

Grey and drab are the easy and natural choice of the old, but youth demands its own expression in colour and life.

The House of Pope and Bradley regards conservatism in style as stagnation. And not wishing to supply its productions to elderly millionaires, brewers, and taxi-drivers, it endeavours to keep prices within reach of the financially moral.

Lounge Suits from £9 9 0 Dinner Suits from £12 12 0
Overcoats from £10 10 0

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

BEFORE GOING TO BED.

Sometimes when you are overtired you have a restless feeling that prevents you from going to sleep. A cup of Rowntree's Cocoa taken last thing at night encourages quiet and restful sleep.

Rowntree
ELECT Cocoa

The Natural Foe to Gout, Rheumatism,
Obesity, Constipation, and Dyspepsia, is

Chelspa

The Cheltenham Natural Aperient Water
In Bottles 1/6 each. From Chemists & Stores.

Sir H. Duncan McGowan, K.B.E.,

writes:—"I find the 'De Reszke' Cigarettes very delightful to smoke."

Lady Tree writes:—"Lady Tree finds the 'De Reszke' Cigarettes universally liked."

J. Fisher White, Esq., writes:—"I find your 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes very pleasant and mild, and they appear to be quite innocuous to the throat."

Bert Coote, Esq., writes:—"I and my friends have thoroughly enjoyed your 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes."

PEOPLE who have to be careful of what they smoke prefer "De Reszke" Cigarettes. You will like them too.

Their flavour is superb—they are exquisitely mild and harmless to the throat. Try them.

"De Reszke"
The "De Reszke" CIGARETTES

Sold at all Military Canteens at Home and Overseas, also Tobacconists and Stores.



some of them have desired, and still desire, to commit it that your treatment of the precedent of 1815 is dangerous.

Then you say that the Congress of Vienna prepared "a peace in the spirit of peace." Surely it was the spirit of domination and tyranny which naturally prepared the way for the risings of 1821, 1830, and 1848, and for the forcible suppression of those risings. The Carlsbad decrees and the Peterloo massacres were produced by the spirit which Metternich and Castlereagh had breathed into the Congress of Vienna. And here again we are in danger of committing the same blunders, with perhaps less excuse. As to hypocrisy, the religious appeals of the Holy Alliance may come as near to that sin, as do our inconsistent applications of the principles of self-determination and national liberty. On the whole, surely 1815 supplies rather a warning beacon than an encouragement to our present reformers!—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens, Hampstead,
N.W.3. March 23rd, 1919.

[*Fas est et ab hoste.* We had no idea of defending the Congress of Vienna, only of showing that in the single matter of the treatment of monarchical France it took the right turning, as in the not dissimilar case of Republican Germany (subject, of course, to some differences of detail and diplomatic statesmanship) the Conference of Paris has taken the wrong. Reactionary Europe produced a reactionary settlement. Still, it was a settlement which, when European Liberalism came to life again, was drastically changed, but not destroyed.—ED. THE NATION.]

SIR,—In your interesting comparison last week of the attitude of the Entente towards Germany to-day and that of the Allies towards France after the abdication of Napoleon, you seem to me to overlook two material differences in the situation. First, the Allies in 1815 had already concluded peace with France, and it was on this fact that Talleyrand based his claim that France should share in their deliberations as to the readjustment of territorial boundaries. Secondly, the Allies were supporting the Bourbon Government in France, which was extremely unpopular with a great part—and, indeed, probably with the majority—of the French nation; so that they might reasonably expect that Government to fall in with their demands, while at the same time they would have been unwise to intensify its unpopularity by making those demands excessive. The Entente has been unable to ally itself with any party in Germany; in any case, it would be precluded from doing so by its admission of the right of self-determination. Its only concern with German domestic politics is to prevent the collapse of order in Germany before the forces making for Bolshevism. Until the peace preliminaries are accepted Germany *en bloc* is still "the enemy," and the only limit to the demands made upon her is set by the necessity of preserving a Government strong enough to comply with them. It may be that the limit has been passed; but the Entente Powers, having had experience of German methods of warfare and of pacific penetration, desire to make them impossible hereafter. When this end seems reasonably certain of achievement, it will be possible to treat the German State as one of the Family of Nations.—Yours, &c.,

J. S. M.

THE INDICTMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

SIR,—I was glad to see the letter on the "Indictment of the Public School" in your issue of February 22nd, and to find that at last even an informal committee exists with a definite constructive programme of reforms.

As a boy I had the good fortune of experiencing the practice of all these suggestions, and later, as a master, the still greater good fortune of helping to carry them out. It may be of value to the discussion of these proposals to know that they have been and are being carried out successfully as follows:

1. The school avoids becoming the slave of the old universities in its curriculum by realising that not *all* members of the school are proceeding to the university, but that all, when they leave, must have found a way of living. The curriculum provides for this in two ways—First, by giving equal prominence to games, hobbies, handicrafts, and (for want of a better distinction), "lessons."

Thus, the life of the child, while at school, is balanced and complete, and at the same time he is given not only an acquaintance with each of these departments of knowledge and an opportunity of deciding towards which his inclinations and abilities lead him; he is given also an abiding sense of the importance of each type of work, a sense of proportion seldom to be observed amongst those who have been educated with a view to passing into the university as an end in itself.

Secondly, in every subject the aim is to give the child the power of seeing the wood as well as some of the trees. In mathematics, for example, the aim is that every boy should have a knowledge of the principles of mechanics and the calculus before he leaves, and the time is found for this by omitting complicated exercises in manipulation which fill the average text book and adorn so many of the papers in our public examinations. A boy who has a thorough grasp of principles does not need special preparation for his matriculation.

2. Religion is regarded not as a creed alone (many creeds are represented in the school and the communal service is addressed to all alike), but rather as a spirit to be brought to all that makes up the daily life. That is the message of the school sermon, which is taken in turn by members of the teaching staff, none of whom are in orders. The school listens to it both critically and appreciatively, and this Sunday address frequently forms a topic of discussion. The simpler and readier its application to everyday conduct, the more generally it is approved. Sunday is the happiest day in the week. It is largely a free day, to be devoted to games, hobbies, or quiet reading, with the service in the evening.

3. Athletics are enjoyed, not worshipped. In the winter, part of two or three afternoons a week is given to football, with occasional Saturday matches. In the summer somewhat more time. One afternoon is free and the remainder are given to various outdoor activities such as woodcutting, gardening, farmwork, &c. There is a wide range of hobbies from which to choose free time occupations (Nature study, sketching, vegetable dyeing, carpentry, story-writing, farming, woodcutting, to mention only a few), with the possibility of extending the time spent on them as sustained interest and good work develops.

4. The appointment of prefects by the Headmaster depends on general ability to fill the position and not on prowess in the games field. Perhaps the most important considerations in making a prefect are, first, his power of leading by setting the right example, and second, his judgment and sympathy in dealing with those under his authority. There is no fagging, and the use of physical force by prefects in asserting their authority is not tolerated either by the school or by the Head. The prefects are an executive and not a legislative body. Legislation belongs to the Head with the aid of staff meetings and an elected school parliament. In the school parliament grievances of any kind can and do find voice, and the opinions of all sections of the school are heard.—Yours, &c.,

A READER OF THE ORIGINAL ARTICLE.

Poetry.

SATURN.

I SEE the star, Aldebaran,
Slowly lift a jewelled can
To dying Helios; bright in air,
The gold of Berenice's hair;
And, swung dimly thro' the trees,
Seven-lanterned Pleiades.
Pale as ivory, overhead,
Cassiopeia takes to bed
A blacker King than Cepheus,
Father of the negroes' house.
Boötes halts his breathing team
To water in the blue star-stream.
Where Cygnus swims, a bird of light,
Between the clouded banks of night,
And strong Orion languishes,
Hurt with the reeds of Artemis.
Red Antares' burning mouth
Makes a rose of the white south;
Lyra tunes her cithara;
And from a graven amphora,
A sweet-cruised Hyblæan jar,
Sirius, the honey-star,
Scatters the magic midnight dew
On bugloss and bramble-blow.
Every single star I see
In the vault's immensity
But lean-ribbed Saturn, dark and proud.
Shunner of the heavenly crowd,
Why shunnest thou the child that Earth
Bore to thee with troubled birth?
Thinkest thou not that my dream-eyes
Can pierce the armor of the skies—
Lay bare thy triple-cinctured rings,
Yellower than the torques of kings.
Thy satellites, Enceladus
And Mimas, and the overplus
Of fiery motes that leap and roll
About thy solitary soul?

I am thy child by Earth, thy wife,
And share thy moods and live thy life,
Lean-ribbed Saturn, dark and proud,
Shunner of the heavenly crowd!

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

BEST NEW BOOKS

Published by Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN

South America: an Industrial and Commercial Field.

By W. H. KOEBEL, author of "Central America," &c. With 24 Illustrations. Cloth. 18s. net. (Second Impression.)

"The book considers such questions as South American commerce, British interests in the various Republics, international relations and trade, communications, the tendency of enterprise, industries, &c. Two chapters devoted to the needs of the Continent will be of especial interest to manufacturers and merchants, giving as they do valuable hints as to the various goods required, while the chapter on merchandise and commercial travellers affords some sound and practical advice."—*Chamber of Commerce Journal*.

The South American Series.

A series of volumes by recognised authorities on the history, and on the present economic, political, and commercial conditions of the South American Republics. With Maps and Illustrations. Cloth. 15s. net, each.

CHILE. PERU. MEXICO. ARGENTINA. BRAZIL. URUGUAY. GUIANA. VENEZUELA. LATIN AMERICA. COLOMBIA. ECUADOR. BOLIVIA. PARAGUAY. CENTRAL AMERICA. Send for a descriptive catalogue of the South American Series.

Richard Cobden: The International Man.

By J. A. HOBSON. With a Photogravure Frontispiece and eight other Illustrations. Cloth. 21s. net. (Second Impression.) "Mr. Hobson handles his material with great ability, and this study of Cobden's international policy will be found an indispensable complement to Lord Morley's standard biography."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Uncensored Celebrities.

By E. T. RAYMOND. Demy 8vo. Cloth. 10s. 6d. net. (Third Impression.)

"Exceedingly frank portraits of public men. . . . The author is mercilessly careful to explain in his preface that the book is not meant for the hero-worshipper."

—*Evening Standard*. "Here we have clear vision, sane opinion, and a very useful sense of humour, not always free from acid."

—*National News*.

Firewoods: Their Production

and Fuel Values. By A. D. WEBSTER, Author of "Seaside Planting: for Shelter, Ornament and Profit." With many Illustrations. Cloth. 12s. 6d. net.

The question of the production and utilisation of firewood, owing to the unparalleled scarcity of coal, is at present acute. This scarcity is likely to continue. The author, a well-known authority on forestry, has had a varied experience in the matter of firewood and its utility on several of the best wooded estates in England and Scotland.

Facts about France.

By E. SAILLENS. With a Foreword by E. Hovelague. With 66 Illustrations. Plans and Maps. Cloth. 8s. 6d. net.

M. Sallens has compiled an encyclopædic book which answers every question about the country, the people and their ways of life and thought that is likely to occur to an intelligent and inquisitive foreigner. . . . The volume is written to interest as well as to instruct the ordinary reader."—*Birmingham Post*.

Rural Housing.

By WILLIAM G. SAVAGE, M.D. (Lond.), B.Sc., D.P.H. New Edition, with a new chapter on the After War Problems. With 32 Illustrations. Cloth. 7s. 6d. net.

"This is a practical book, by a man who has had good opportunities of mastering his subject."—*Economist*.

State Morality and the League

of Nations. By JAMES WALKER and M. D. PETRE. Cloth. 4s. 6d. net.

The characteristic of this work is its presentment of the problem of the League of Nations from the twofold point of view of one who believes in it as a practical scheme of politics, and one who regards it as mainly, in President Wilson's words, "a mandate of humanity."

M.A.B. (Mainly About Books).

An illustrated magazine for book readers. The April issue, now ready, contains a critical study of MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, by E. T. Raymond (author of "Uncensored Celebrities"), and other interesting articles. The present Annual Subscription to M.A.B. is 1s., post free, but it will shortly be increased to 2s. Specimen copy, 2d., post free.

T. FISHER UNWIN, Ltd., 1 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.2.

JOHN LANE'S LIST

FIFTY YEARS OF A SHOWMAN'S LIFE

By THOMAS F. PLOWMAN. Author of "In The Days of Victoria," &c. With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

"The least rustic in taste will find plenty of interest and amusement in this record of half a century. . . . Good humour and good sense add relish to every story."—*Times*.

"The whole book bristles with amusing anecdotes, curious information, and pleasant gossip. . . . Mr. Plowman is unfailingly entertaining, and his reminiscences should find a multitude of appreciators."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

TOWARDS NEW HORIZONS

By M. P. WILLCOCKS.

Author of "The Wingless Victory," "The Man of Genius," &c. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

"Well written, without being self-consciously or elaborately literary. . . . the whole book is animated by an engaging freshness of thought on the aims and goals of the new era now opening up."—*Scotsman*.

THE WAR AND MEN'S MINDS

By VICTORIA DE BUNSEN.

Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

In this little volume Mrs. de Bunsen attempts a discussion of the old creeds in their juxtaposition with the shifting mental and moral landmarks of the present day. She deals with the popular attitude to religion in the early 20th century and contrasts that attitude with that of the 19th, emphasizing the largely increased interest now shown in the reasons for belief.

A JOURNEY IN WAR TIME

By LADY ST. JOHN. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

A highly entertaining account of a remarkable war-time journey to the battle zone, full of amusing sketches, and of quite unique interest.

"Brightly written and closely observed."—*Scotsman*.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE SERIES

SOME SOLDIERS AND LITTLE MAMMA

By HELEN BOULNOIS. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Miss Boulnois has been among soldiers in Edinburgh, British Columbia, Marseilles, Paris, and the zone of the British Armies in Northern France, and in her book she sets down some of her varied experiences. Light enough to please lovers of fiction, its unfailing reality grips, and it reveals something of the human drama of the soldier, his humour, devotion, self-sacrifice, gaiety, pouring from his own talk on every page.

THE BOY WITH THE GUNS

By the late Lieut. G. W. TAYLOR. Edited by his sister, Mrs. Roger Cookson. With an Introduction by Sir James Crichton-Browne. With Illustrations and Maps. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

This is a vividly realistic account of the work done and hardships endured by our Royal Field Artillery in the War, and of their "hair-breadth 'scapes" from the imminent deadly breach" in France and Flanders, by one who went through them all and made the supreme sacrifice.

NEW FICTION

THE MYSTERY KEEPERS

By MARION FOX. A cleverly-written mystery story by the Author of "Ape's Face," "The Hand of the North," &c. 7s. net.

"The atmosphere of haunting oppression is kept up with great skill throughout. . . . and the puzzling drama is well brought up to a startling climax at the end."—*Times*.

ANYMOON

By HORACE BLEACKLEY.

Author of "His Job," &c. 7s. net.

The most daring and original novel inspired by the present amazing social revolution, and carried with extraordinary mastery to its thrilling end.

MODERN ETCHINGS AND THEIR COLLECTORS

By T. SIMPSON. Demy 4to. With 25 reproductions in photogravure of important artists' work. Limited to 450 copies. £3 3s. net. Also an edition limited to 50 copies with an original dry-point by P. W. ROBINS. £7 7s. net.

Both Editions exhausted on publication.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO ST., W.1.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century." Vol. V. By Heinrich von Treitschke (Jarrold. 15s.)
 "The People's Theatre." By Romain Rolland. Translated by Barrett H. Clark. (Allen & Unwin. 5s. 6d.)
 ✓ "The Economic Foundation of Peace." By J. L. Garvin. (Macmillan. 12s.)
 "Standing By." Some Notes from the Western Front. By Robert Keable. (Nisbet. 7s. 6d.)

* * *

I HAVE been much struck by the outcrop of pessimism produced out of literature during the last year or so, and it might be worth while to discuss the matter here. First of all, let us not condemn literary pessimism out of hand, for surely, if it is not truth, it is a noble and utterly disinterested passion for truth, which, even in the charnel-house of hope, magnificently denies itself, and in its acceptance of the nihil, asserts the unvanquishable spirit of man. For beyond suicide, which is the only logical end of pessimism, it gazes into the full face of truth, though that face, wreathed about with hissing snakes, turn the human gazer to stone. Always will pessimism be a greater and a finer thing than the shoddy confectionery of optimism which manufactures principles out of fear, torpidity, and evasion:—

"Because a cold rage seizes one at whiles,
 To show the bitter, old and wrinkled truth
 Stripped naked of all vesture that beguiles,
 False dreams, false hopes, false masks and modes of youth."

Now, given the thinking pessimist and present-day conditions, pessimism really comes to be synonymous with fatalism or determinism. That certainly is its meaning in "The City of Dreadful Night," the testament of pessimism:—

"I find no hint throughout the Universe
 Of good or ill, of blessing or of curse;
 I find alone Necessity Supreme;
 With infinite Mystery, abysmal, dark,
 Unlighted ever by the faintest spark
 For us the flitting shadows of a dream."

This indifferentism of fate is a very different thing from the conception of a "Creator of all woe and sin"; Necessity is of necessity evil, but only because it is Necessity. Thus, by this inverse method we arrive at the modern reading of vice and virtue as creation and destruction. Now, this identification of pessimism with fatalism suggests a useful quotation:—

"Materialism denies reality to the objects of almost all the impulses which we most cherish. . . . A nameless *unheimlichkeit* comes over us at the thought of there being nothing eternal in our final purposes, in the objects of those loves and aspirations which are our deepest energies. . . . Small as we are, minute as is the point by which the cosmos impinges upon each one of us, each one desires to feel that his reaction at that point is congruous with the demands of the vast whole."

* * *

ACCEPTING this, we look upon the world as it is to-day, and everywhere we seem to find not so much the activity of evil as the impotence of good. Militarism is like the camomile of "Euphues"—the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows. It has destroyed armies to get rid of itself, as a man might pluck up mare's tail as a protest against damp. The death and mutilation of forty-five millions of human beings, vast numbers of whom played in little the drama of Gethsemane—the sacrifice of their lives for an idea—and the misery of three hundred millions have, out of all their blood and tears, effected—what? A moral pestilence cultivating a physical famine. Through an agony too great to be borne, men cease to be individual human beings, and become mobs and herds, offering to the longing for an alternative, for substitution, the prospect of one despotism replacing another. The firm-set pillars of the human world

seem to crack and sway as in a nightmare, and there are no such things as contraries, for apathy supplements all aggressions of conscienceless power; cold, rational science is as intoxicated as the giddy demagogues, dancing the world to Jericho, and so on. What thinking man did not shudder at the sheer godlessness of the War Minister's speech the other day, wherein man appeared as a competitive wild beast, and humanity, respect for life, personal affection, beauty, peace, worth, all preciousness of values, all faith in the congruity of the cosmos with individual and social loves and aspirations were not so much scouted as assumed to be non-existent? It is not to be wondered at that our literary pessimism should match that political cynicism. The universe seemed a rubber ball, which, impinging upon the individual being or upon moral passion was bounced, or bounced them off. The ultimate suicide of man seemed the only mind or will or purpose of Necessity. For, talk in abstract terms as we will, the results of effort out of our individual, transitory lives are and should be our criterion of the meaning of the Cosmos.

* * *

NOW, turning to Nature, does the hart, flying from the hound of pessimism, find refuge there. For we find that Nature has actually made no provisions to check the destructiveness of man, as she has done with the wild beast and the bird of prey, by the powers of concealment, social protection, speed in flight, &c. Her most beautiful creations perish at man's hands and nothing of her invention is of the least avail against the intelligent means he adapts towards a destructive end. Man succeeds; he beats Nature; he wounds her to the death in the seat of her first, sovereign and quintessential principle, a principle she has spent millions of years in elaborating and perfecting—the conservation and continuity of life. Man has literally thrown out of gear the infinitely marvellous and intricate living mechanism of evolution. There seems to be a truly hair-raising blasphemy in this process. Was Nature blind? Did she not foresee the consequence of the evolution of man? For what is lost here is irreplaceable, and the presence of man, however spiritualised in some distant future, can it compensate for the absence of other warm-blooded, intelligent and beautiful life? This may seem irrelevant to our main issue. It is not, for out of it comes our *riposte* to pessimism and its literary adoption. Man's destructiveness is contrary to the law of Nature, for her purposes were not to produce a being who would defeat so large and complex a part of those purposes. The sympathy and imagination that spare because they understand, are congruous with the demands of the vast whole of which Nature is a part. *A fortiori*, it is not the purpose of the cosmos that its human part should lose that faith in it which is life for that lack of faith and pessimism whose result is our present moral æsthetic and physical death. In other words, the cosmos leaves it to us whether we shall further or obstruct its purpose.

* * *

HERE is emphatically where literature comes in, for literature puts the accent upon "each one of us." The most important thing to literature is the worth and value of the individual human soul. It cares not a rap for mobs or systems or policies, or the whole machinery of power and self-interest. The enemy of literature is that mechanization of living which deprives the human being of his intrinsic significance, both as a phenomenon in himself and an essential factor in the economy of the universe. If the human soul makes no difference to the universe one way or the other, if it were but a leaf in a mindless gust of wind, literature would have shared the insignificance, for it believes that that soul does make a difference. Its motive for its own vitality is faith in the universe and man's portion in it, and in so far as it so believes, it is true. Literature rejects the pessimistic view, because it is the enemy of determinism. The free choice, free activity, and free will of the individual to make of the world what he can are the primary concern of literature, for of such is literature born.

H. J. M.

THE NELSON POPULAR LIBRARIES NOVELS

SPLendid STORIES BY THE

BEST AUTHORS. 2/- net.

The Happy Warrior . . .	A. S. M. Hutchinson.	Old Wives' Tale . . .	Arnold Bennett.
Once Aboard the Lugger—	" "	Marriage . . .	H. G. Wells.
Joseph Vance . . .	William de Morgan.	Trent's Last Case . . .	E. C. Bentley.
Alice-for-Short . . .	" "	The Manxman . . .	Hall Caine.
Marcella . . .	Mrs. Humphry Ward.	Sailors' Knots . . .	W. W. Jacobs.
Sir George Tressady . . .	" "	Ship's Company . . .	" "
The Wages of Sin . . .	Lucas Malet.	The Sea-Hawk . . .	Rafael Sabatini.
The Car of Destiny . . .	C. N. & A. M. Williamson	Desert Gold . . .	Zane Grey.
Simon Dale . . .	Anthony Hope.	Light of Western Stars . . .	" "
The Forest Lovers . . .	Maurice Hewlett.	Heritage of the Desert . . .	" "
The Bondman . . .	Hall Caine.	Riders of the Purple Sage . . .	" "
Blinds Down . . .	H. A. Vachell.	The Lone Star Ranger . . .	" "
Salute to Adventurers . . .	John Buchan.	The Rainbow Trail . . .	" "
Prester John . . .	" "	The Border Legion . . .	" "

ALSO A LARGE SELECTION OF GOOD TITLES AT 1/6 NET.

NON-FICTION SERIES WELL PRODUCED

BOOKS OF POPULAR INTEREST AND
REAL LITERARY MERIT 2/6 net.

The Great Boer War . . .	A. Conan Doyle.	From a College Window . . .	A. C. Benson.
Life of Gladstone . . .	Herbert W. Paul.	A Lodge in the Wilderness . . .	John Buchan.
Wild Life in a Southern County . . .	Richard Jefferies.	The Land of Footprints . . .	Stewart E. White.
The Golden Age . . .	Kenneth Grahame.	The Desert Gateway . . .	S. H. Leeder.
Sir Henry Hawkins . . .	" "	Marshal Murat . . .	Capt. A. H. Atteridge.
Collections and Recoll.—II. . .	G. W. E. Russell.	My Father . . .	Estelle W. Stead.
A Modern Utopia . . .	H. G. Wells.	With the Russian Pilgrims . . .	" "
The Unveiling of Lhasa . . .	E. Candler.	to Jerusalem . . .	Stephen Graham.
Dream Days . . .	Kenneth Grahame.	A Woman in the Balkans . . .	Mrs. Gordon.
The Path to Rome . . .	Hilaire Belloc.	Italian Characters . . .	Countess M. Cesaresco.
The Alps from End to End . . .	Sir W. Martin Conway.	Through the Magic Door . . .	A. Conan Doyle.
A Book About Roses . . .	Dean Hole.	Hunting Camps in Wood . . .	" "
The People of the Abyss . . .	Jack London.	and Wilderness . . .	H. Hesketh Prichard.
A Tramp's Sketches . . .	Stephen Graham.	Abraham Lincoln . . .	Brand Whitlock.
Napoleon—Last Phase . . .	Lord Rosebery.	The Haunters of the Silences . . .	Charles G. D. Roberts.
Self-Selected Essays . . .	Augustine Birrell.	With Poor Emigrants to . . .	" "
Fiji to the Cannibal Isds. . .	Beatrice Grimshaw.	America . . .	Stephen Graham.

Of All Booksellers and Bookstalls.
OVER HALF A MILLION OF THESE VOLUMES
HAVE BEEN DELIVERED TO THE TRADE
DURING THE PAST MONTH.

NELSON BOOKS
MERIT HAS MADE THEM FAMOUS

PLEASE RETAIN THIS LIST FOR REFERENCE

The late THEODORE ROOSEVELT says:—"Delightful, most illuminating and instructive. . . A very unusual book."

**The Development of the United States
FROM COLONIES TO A WORLD POWER.**

BY MAX FARRAND

PROFESSOR OF YALE UNIVERSITY.

WITH A PREFACE BY VISCOUNT BRYCE 10/6 net

A masterly work of the highest importance.
OUR GREAT ALLY AS A WORLD POWER.

T. C. and E. C. JACK LTD.,

"The Times Literary Supplement" says:—"So sympathetic, so instructive, and written with so much charm."

Scenes from Italy's War . . . Price 10/6 net

BY G. M. TREVELYAN.

WITH FRONTISPIECE AND TWELVE MAPS.

A fascinating account of Italy's romantic campaigns and
a revelation of a "very wonderful and lovable people."

LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

GLAISHER'S MARCH LIST (No. 434) of
BOOK BARGAINS NOW READY

Post free on application to

WILLIAM GLAISHER, LTD., Booksellers,
265, High Holborn, W.C.1.

All Books in new condition as when originally published.
No second-hand books kept.

Messrs. SOTHERAN'S CATALOGUES: JUST PUBLISHED, No. 772.

BIBLIOTHECA VIATICA:

An extensive Collection of Books on

THE ROAD, THE RAIL, THE WATER, & THE AIR;

Including ATLASES and MAPS, EARLY ROAD-BOOKS, EARLY RAILWAY
BOOKS, the POST OFFICE, EARLY STEAM NAVIGATION, and an interesting
and scarce Collection of BOOKS ON CYCLING:

Post free from

HENRY SOTHERAN & CO.,

140, STRAND, W.C.2, or 43, PICCADILLY, W. 1.

Reviews.

AN EASTERN ANTHOLOGY.

"Colored Stars: Versions of Fifty Asiatic Love Poems."
By EDWARD POWYS MATHERS. (Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. MATHERS is happy in his street songs, street songs of Baluchistan, Mongolia, Annam; but the loveliest of all has escaped him.

"I go to the house of the Beloved,
Her plum tree stands by the eaves.
It is thick with blossom.
How do you go to your love's house?
On the wings of the night wind.
Which road leads to your love's house?
All the roads in the world."

"This was the song of the *Kago* men," says its translator; it has the true Japanese tolerance for ways that are not ours. For that reason it would have made a better prelude to an Asiatic anthology than the quatrains of that very rococo Chinaman, friend to Judith Gautier, the egregious Tin-Tun-Ling. There is a way of love above which the constellations may well seem fireworks, as suggested in the title; and if this "night of coloured stars" is less grateful to us than our faint spring twilight, it may be, like Herrington's liking (equally northern) for a "little sculduddey after dinner," entirely a matter of taste. Certainly, whoever falls foul of Mr. Mather's choice of title, will also fall foul of his choice of material; it is a fault—or an excellence—in grain.

For the book is a little sultry; and the wind is not that *qui vient à travers la montagne*; across the desert, perhaps. Yet curiously, the one poem which is of the desert, the meeting far from the tents in a summer night, has the cleanness of moonlight and something of its madness. It is from the Arabic of Ibn-el-Fared, early in the thirteenth century. Beside it the modern stuff—and there is a good deal of it—Burmese, Afghan, and Persian, has the savagery of decadence.

"Last night my kisses drowned in the softness of black hair,
And my kisses, like bees, went plundering the softness of black hair"

—the iteration has the smothering monotony of the beat of a savage drum. "Lover's Jealousy" from the Afghan (nineteenth century)—

"Although you are as beautiful as Kashmir at dawn
I am not jealous, O my wanton bird,
Of the lover that you have chosen, who takes my place
To-night upon your bed. You can ask me to your feasting
to-night,
I carry the scent of your body about me"

—the thing has a sort of malignant excellence. One remembers our own eighteen-nineties; and with them the comment of the faithful friend of 'Alee the son of Bekkar. For it is related that when Shems-en-Nahr heard her female slave sing verses of love and longing, she fell down in a swoon and became unconscious. And as soon as 'Alee the son of Bekkar beheld her from the window, he also fell down in a fit; and Abu-I-Hasan exclaimed, "Verily, fate hath divided desire between you with equality."

In neither case was it the desire that when it cometh is a tree of life; and two of the best things in the book are translations of fifth century Sanscrit, against its intolerable mastery.

"Very afraid
I saw the dalliance of the leopards.
In the beauty of their coats
They sought each other and embraced.
Had I gone between them then
And pulled them asunder by their manes,
I would have run less risk
Than when I passed in my boat,
And saw you standing on a dead tree
Ready to dive and kindle the river."

Or fiercer yet,

"Dew on the bamboos,
Cooler than dew on the bamboos
Is putting my cheek against your breasts.
The pit of green and black snakes,
I would rather be in the pit of green and black snakes
Than be in love with you."

And yet, there is rebellion there, but not escape. One comes out by the same door as in one went. But set over against

them this fragment of a song of Kafiristan, the speech of a primitive people,

"Since you love me and I love you,
The rest matters not.
I will cut grass in the field,
And you will sell it for beasts."

It is to see the candles guttering in the freshness of the dawn.

The casting net is wide. There is a love song from the mountains of Thibet, likening the eyes of the beloved to the soft eyes of their goats; another, greedy and unashamed, from Kurdistan,

"Ah my children! Djenuleh has just passed
Appetising and gilt like a cake for Ramazan.
Ah! my children!"

another, from a courtesan of Nagasaki. The Chinese poems are happier in translation than the Japanese; but then the translator of Japanese lyric may go and catch a falling star. Some of the Chinese stuff is little more than decorative posturing; but the three poems by a Chinaman-American-born, "English Girl," "You would climb after nectarines," "Being together at night," are veritable *explorata*. The last—

"We stood close. As close among the leaves
Small green diamonds of rain
And the far stars"

is in the tradition of the very old "Willows by the East Gate," and it is a great tradition. One poem only is chosen from the *Shih-King*, the oldest "matter of China"—

"At the West Gate of the city are young women
Sparkling and beautiful as the flowers of the spring-time."

"Girls like flowering rushes"; says the original; it has perhaps the advantage. It is characteristic of us to choose the flower of the field rather than the grass of it, and lose the eternal suggestion of youth in things slender and green. Three lines of "The Vengeance of Fionn" have it, in sight like an emerald.

"Thou, thy beauty gathers their lost dreams,
Even as lulled waters the green gleams
Of willows, making them more beautiful."

The casting net is wide; and it is perhaps unreasonable to complain of the wideness of the mesh. It is a little book, the "first general English anthology of Asiatic verse," to have taken all Asia for its province; and it is not easy to reproduce the passion of a score of languages and thirty centuries in fifty poems. One would be ill-advised to conclude from it that Eastern love poetry is little but a *Laus Veneris*. Given a range from the Greek Anthology to Baudelaire, one might compile a European Anthology not very different. For there are the two ways of love, East or West; that which discerns the person incarnate, in the speech of the theologians; that which concerns itself only with the flesh; and one may hear either of them sung divinely enough about the Tokio streets—

"Even the knot of rope tying our boats together
Knotted was long ago by some love in a former birth."

Or this (again from Lafcadio Hearn),

"Not for one night!
And never twice in a single birth the same night comes."

It was the East that gave the world its symbol for the ultimate ecstasy, alike of the spirit and the flesh—

"Far off, most secret and inviolate Rose."

And the pessimism of so much of its verse, like the *nequidquam* which is the tolling refrain of Lucretius on the passion of love, is but the affirmation of some better thing.

"What the world's million lips are thirsting for
Must be substantial somewhere."

HELEN WADDELL.

ROUGH HINTS.

"Peace Conference Hints." By BERNARD SHAW. (Constable. 1s. 6d. net.)

THIS time last year many of us hardly dared to look at the morning paper, fearing to see a *communiqué* worse than that of the day before. Usually it was worse. After the enemy had actually captured Bailleul, a gloomy group met in Fleet Street by chance, and considered the worst. We asked one who had not spoken what he thought. "I think the enemy has got his head in the noose at last," he said. It was not

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON.

1/6 net April, 1919. 1/6 net

Poetry: Trevor Allen
Theodore Maynard
V. H. Friedlaender
Lt. Geoffrey Dearmer
Theo van Beek
Louis Golding
Classic American Literature (v1) D. H. Lawrence
Poetry and Reconstruction F. V. Branford
Taking the Waters Mrs. Henry Dudeney
The Wrath to Come Rev. Walter Walsh, D.D.
The Aims of the Labour Party Sir Leo Chiozza Money
The Damned Old Maid J. G. Sime
What Art Now? Wyndham Lewis
Palestine Impressions Arthur Mills
Last Days Malcolm Lyon
The Parting of the Ways Austin Harrison
Books

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: 18/- Post free to all parts of the World
Half-Yearly " 9/-

At all Bookstalls & Newsagents or direct from
The English Review, 19, Garrick St., London, W.C.2.

HIBBERT JOURNAL.

April Number Contents:

The SICKNESS of ACQUISITIVE SOCIETY by R.H. Tawney
THE PRESENT NEED OF AN ARISTOCRACY

A WORKER ON HIS HOME by Ralph Adams Cram
THE ETHICS OF INTERCOURSE by G. Butcher
RELIGION THROUGH PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP by William K. Tarpey

THE DEMOCRATIC CONCEPTION OF EDUCATION by H. M. Andrews

EDUCATION: A NEW OPPORTUNITY FOR THE CHURCHES by Prof. A. Darroch

REUNION by Bishop Hamilton Baynes [W. R. Thomson]

PRESBYTERIAN REUNION IN SCOTLAND by Rev. The SCANDAL of NON-ESSENTIALS by Prof. W. M.

WE WOMEN by Constance L. Maynard. [Flinders Petrie]

SHAKESPEARE and the WORLD-ORDER by T. Whittaker

GLIMPSES OF IMMORTALITY by Principal A. E. Garvie

THE IMMORTAL SOUL by Francis Stopford

MEN AND ARMS by Henry R. Marshall

DISCUSSIONS, SURVEY, and SIGNED REVIEWS.

2/6 net. Post Free 2/10.
WILLIAMS & NORGATE, 14, HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.2.

MANCHESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THREE OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS of £80 a year, and three Exhibitions of £20 a year, tenable for three years, with free tuition in each case, will be offered for competition in September, 1919, to graduates of any British University intending to enter the Ministry of Religion. No doctrinal profession will be required from any candidate, but the highest references as to personal character must be submitted.

Manchester College is non-sectarian and its opportunities are open impartially for the study of Theology and the cultivation of the religious spirit.

Particulars of the examination and full information as to the Curriculum of the College may be obtained on application to the Principal, Dr. L. P. Jacks.

PERMANENT STAFF

The Rev. L. P. Jacks, M.A., LL.D., D.D. } Philosophy of
Lachlan Macrae, M.A. } Religion.
The Rev. D. C. Simpson, M.A. ... Old Testament.
The Rev. Henry Gow, B.A. ... New Testament.

SPECIAL LECTURERS DURING THE SESSION, 1919-20.

Professor John Burnett of St. Andrews.
Professor H. B. Bacon of Yale, U.S.A.
Professor Emile Boutroux of Paris.
Professor Foster Watson, M.A., University College of Wales
Rev. Estlin Carpenter, D.Litt. of Oxford.

BELL'S NEW BOOKS

READY ON MONDAY.

A HISTORY OF BRITISH SOCIALISM.

By M. BEER. With an Introduction by R. H. TAWNEY, B.A., Member of the Royal Commission on Coal Mines. Vol. I. 12s. 6d. net.

"Mr. Beer is an indefatigable student, who knows the social history of England . . . as it is known only to Professor Graham Wallas, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, and Mr. and Mrs. Hammond. And his twenty years of residence in England have given him the working acquaintance with the unstated assumptions of English political life which is hardly less necessary than historical knowledge for the task which he has undertaken."—*Extract from Mr. Tawney's Introduction.*

The subject of this volume is the growth of Socialism from Mediaeval Communism down to the birth of Chartism, and its readers must remember that there is a sequel in which the story is completed. But the period with which it deals is sufficiently distinct to be studied separately, and the book is a unity, not a mutilated fragment.

GUILDS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Translated from the original of GEORGES RENARD, and edited with an Introduction by G. D. H. COLE. 2s. 6d. net.

THE ENGLISH MIDDLE CLASS.

An Historical Study. By R. H. GREYTON. Demy 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

"An admirable example of social and economic investigation."—*New Statesman.*

New and Cheaper (4th) Edition.

ENGLISH ECONOMIC HISTORY—SELECT DOCUMENTS.

Compiled and Edited by A. E. BLAND, B.A., P. A. BROWN, M.A., and R. H. TAWNEY, B.A. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

"We say without hesitation that this careful and laborious volume should be in every public and private library, and should be read by every student of social life."—*Contemporary Review.*

MATERNITY.

Letters from Working Women. Collected by the Women's Co-operative Guild. With a preface by the Right Hon. HERBERT SAMUEL, M.P. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Third Edition. 3s. net.

"The whole book, letters and all, deserves careful study. The letters are 'human documents'; straightforward, outspoken, and quiet . . . a book to be studied."—*The Times.*

DOWNWARD PATHS.

An official Enquiry into the Causes of Prostitution. With a Foreword by A. MAUDE ROYDEN. Second Edition. 3s. net.

"The authors treat their very difficult and complicated problem with sympathy, earnestness, and moderation."—*The Spectator.*

Publishers:

BELL & SONS LTD., LONDON

a good joke. We laughed bitterly. After the others had gone, this reviewer, knowing that the daring prophet had not spoken without some reason, demanded his evidence. He had seen much of the war, was a careful student of clues, and had shown he could be so far ahead of general emotions that his writings were quite unacceptable to newspapers whose readers, according to the best editorial opinion, were supposed to do well on plenty of plain wash nicely sweetened.

He proved to be right again; in time. Though, without doubt, as he is one of those unfortunates classed as intellectual by those shrewd ones whose practical business acumen makes them victims of every charlatan and the sport of unexpected happenings, the others have forgotten how far wrong they were then, and have still no idea how far wrong they may be again, in matters where a little less emotion, and a little more steady thought in forgetfulness of the gallery, might easily put them almost right. Yet these are now the very critics, whose grave and passionate utterances on the war were the jests of the soldiers, whose present discussion of the peace is the most that the public, heaven help it, will ever hear about it, who, now they have this survey by Shaw of the world situation and its possibilities, will pretend they cannot see it is the best bit of wit and wisdom on the problem yet published.

There is a reason for that. The public, which can always be trusted to give a decent verdict in a good spirit on matters that have not been tampered with, or which it is useless for the Press to attempt tampering with, crowds any theatre that presents Shaw; and that public has even an inkling of the fact that peoples of other countries will listen with close attention to England speaking through Shaw, when they would not know the names of the majority of the men who are accepted by us as our spokesmen. Our public, then, is unaware there is a shyness concerning Shaw, shown by the London Press to his character as a publicist, which in Ireland is called a boycott. It is usual for a London news-editor to regard a speech by Shaw as "something the public does not want"; though American magazines will compete to secure that very speech verbatim, and sell out an English edition on the strength of it. In the same way, when, as the reviewer can testify, the visit of Shaw to the front caused more interest among young officers, and competition for his entertainment, than that of any other distinguished civilian who was invited out, there were London periodicals, as usual, composing elaborate jokes for the people at home about the soldiers' contempt for Shaw and his fear of shells.

Why is it? It is hard to say. But this may be guessed; it is certainly humiliating for men who are not always so confident as they seem, to be aware of the existence of a critic who knows their minds and his own so well that whenever he confronts them it affords free entertainment and enlightenment to onlookers; onlookers who, of course, are quite impartial, and do not care the beard of an onion for the holiness of political traditions and reputations, for that exemption from moral law known by patriots, diplomatists, and empire-mongers to be divine, if not publicly acknowledged, and for the dignity of the Press. As an illustration: How far were readers of the Liberal Press permitted to learn of the results of that loan to the Imperial Russian Government to secure against revolution a throne which even then was on three legs? Or that we lent the money under persuasion from the French chauvinists? What we chiefly know about it is that the Tzar was so favoured here that when he honoured us with a visit at the time, he preferred, probably under proper advice, not to land from his yacht in the Solent. But the Russian Imperialists, having thus embarrassed our Liberal Imperialists with a secret understanding, while at the same time taking care of our money, saw this deal also closed our official mouths if they should choose to do as they pleased in Persia; and they did as they pleased. The evidence of what pleased them in Persia was in the possession of every Liberal editor, as authentic as most Balkan atrocities by the Turks. Did they publish it? Did Sir Edward Grey protest? Will any Liberal, reviewing this book by Shaw, refer to that old black iniquity and political blunder, which is at the beginning of a chain of ruinous events that ended in a miscalculation of Russia as a factor in the war which bordered on the disastrous?

No apologist in this country has yet made a better case for our intervention in the war—a case that a reasonable foreigner would understand and approve—than Shaw. For

home consumption, however, it is, unfortunately, free from cant. It is not gilded, but has the flavor of a plain dose administered without a mother's tender care. He shows that, for our part, the war was certainly inevitable, for the simple reason that the European situation of which it was a logical consequence had developed because we, like the people on the Continent, and with them, had been content to leave the direction of our affairs, till too late, with men whose mind and character was what, measured by the standard of commercialism, would be excellent. And as you sow you must reap. The wages of sin is death. Certainly it did not need the virtuous indignation of British profit-mongers and political tricksters to make manifest the immorality of Germany's case. She formed a plan of conquest, not in a hole-and-corner way, as in Africa, but on the wholesale, educated her youth, organized her life and industry, and armed and trained her people, so that she could do to her great neighboring nations exactly what any sweating employer may do legally anywhere to those fellow countrymen of his who are unable to protect themselves. As generous men who were not Germans saw at once and instinctively, this was carrying free competition, the survival of the fittest, the devil take the hindmost, and the rest of it (sanctioned by science and the Church) much too far. The evil was recognized at last for just what it was. No doubt about it this time. They rose against it. That is why simple men, still acting instinctively, by native morality, are standing by President Wilson, determined there shall be no treachery to those graves in France which constantly admonish us in private. "When war broke out," says Shaw:—

"England was, up to the limit of her engagements, by far the best prepared of all the belligerents. Her programme was carried out with plenty to spare, and without a hitch. The Navy was invincible. The military expedition, in greater numbers and in a shorter time than had been promised, was sent across the sea without the loss of a single man. After discounting all blunders and all reverses, and admitting that our engagements, and consequently our preparation, fell far short of our real commitments and responsibilities, we can still claim that Germany was not only hopelessly blockaded, but outwitted, outprepared, outgeneralled, outfought, outgassed, outtanked, outtraided, outbombed, and finally brought to her knees at England's feet more abjectly than Philip, or Louis, or Napoleon, or any of the old rivals of the British Lion. It has been an amazing and magnificent achievement, of which the English themselves will not become conscious until some eloquent historian, a century hence, tells them what to think about it."

Because of the usual shyness of a sensitive man concerning his God, fearing to be called self-righteous, in this book of Shaw's the hurried reader will fail to find any definite confession of faith. What does Shaw believe in himself? he will ask; failing to see that such prompt and unerring demolition of popular idols in the very presence of the priests is not the work of caprice, which never has the interest nor the courage to attack fundamental things; that it can be only the iconoclasm of one who has been energized past fear of consequences by the kind of light which occasionally startles a man with a revelation of the extremity of the peril of himself and his heedless fellows. Nobody who reads much could fail to see that the English of this book, as in that of "Gulliver's Travels" or in Bunyan, is the kind of rare and dynamic language, as straight as a ray of light, such as we get once or twice in a few centuries as the result of passionate morality that happens to be gifted with the complete control of full expression. The spectacle of the world as it is, which has stunned the minds of most, and left even intelligent men with nothing but a grim and cynical smile for the help of their fellows, seems but to have alarmed Shaw into a livelier sense of the essential things which ought to be done at once to save mankind, and into a more plangent expression of them. Only a congregation of cheerful fools, smiling into the doom they fail to see but is obviously there, would treat this book but as another engaging display by our most gifted controversialist "who does not mean to be taken seriously." Certainly, if we accept it as that, then the consequences will deal with us seriously enough, and the Winston Churchills, the Curzons, the Pichons, the Orlandos, the Lodges, and the rest, will work on in certain confidence that they can provide us with greater cemeteries than those we have just filled,

Manchester Guardian

League of Nations Supplement

SATURDAY, March 29th

Contributors

The PRIME MINISTER

LORD BRYCE

LORD BUCKMASTER

LORD HALDANE

LORD PARMOOR

DR. NANSEN

Mr. A. CLUTTON-BROCK

M. ALBERT THOMAS

AND OTHERS

The League of Nations Supplement will be on sale as part of the ordinary issue of the "Manchester Guardian" at 1½d. A limited number of Extra Copies will be available, and will be sent, post free, on receipt of THREE PENNY STAMPS by the PUBLISHER,

3 Cross Street, Manchester

*Separate arrangements have been made for the sale of the
League of Nations number in the United States*

He has no doubt about "the freedom of the seas" and the British Fleet. He is not like the sentimental Liberals who shut their eyes to the roseate east of Mercator's projection of the world, and murmur, "But the British Fleet has always been a guarantee of peace." The Portuguese, the Spanish, the Dutch, the French, and the German sailors, have in turn learned how true this is, as they survey the peaceful waters which now submerge their ships and seapower. And it is not likely that the Americans, though our cousins, with those repeated lessons before them, are going to accept the assurances of British Nonconformists about our eighteen-inch guns and thirty knots being merely a dramatic background for the setting of the beautiful song, "Hands across the sea." The American Steel Trust and their shipyards will prefer to have "a bit on both ways," to use the genuine phraseology of the market-place, down to which this problem will go for settlement. "Yet from the moment the U.S.A. lay down the first keel with that end in view the main business of every Secretary of State for War in England must be to do unto that fleet as England has already done to Germany's, unless the old order on which M. Clemenceau pins his faith be superseded by a new one, as Mr. Wilson demands."

"This abominable vision makes some arrangement imperative, League or no League." The author, clearing himself of every trace of sentiment and illusion that he can lay hands on, and overcoming the usually over-mastering impulse to sing either songs to British victory, or hymns before an international Dove which is now merely in an egg not even laid yet, gives practical hints to the peace delegates and their onlookers, and points to the consequences of disregarding them. Events in Europe within even the past few days—there is Hungary, for example—ought to make it clear enough to the most hardened club-man in Pall Mall that unless he changes his accustomed seat it is likely that the attendants will have to waste time digging him out of the ruins. But for the general public, with this war no sooner over than the important men who took care to keep out of it are now busily preparing for the next, here is a problem as urgent as that of a spreading plague. "The use of high explosives, poison gas, aircraft, and guns ranging up to seventy miles has made the possibilities of destruction and death so appalling, that the necessary precautions against them, even if effective, make life as intolerable for the civil population whom the armies formerly protected as for the soldiers themselves; indeed, more so; for the soldier has nothing to do but to deal and dodge death, while the civilians have to support the soldiers, support themselves, and take care of the children into the bargain under this terrible fire." To say nothing of the certainty that the munition factories for the next war will be the chemical and bacteriological laboratories.

BAGHDAD AND BEYOND.

"The Long Road to Baghdad." By EDMUND CANDLER. (Cassell. Two vols. 35s. net.)

No campaign in the war so thoroughly exploited the repertoire of militarism as that which carried our Armies, after many vicissitudes, to within fifty miles of Mosul. The soldier's capacity for supreme folly was shown by both sides. The blunder of the first advance upon Baghdad was, indeed, surpassed by the abortive attempts to relieve Kut; but it was at least equalled by the decision of Marshal von der Goltz to reduce Townshend's garrison. It is true that he succeeded, but he lost heavily in the three months' fighting on the Tigris, and while he was pouring his best troops into this sector, Persia was being cleared, and both Erzerum and Trebizond were lost. The explanation is that, like ourselves, he drifted into this struggle. Mr. Candler's moving story begins with the advance of the relieving force from Ali Gharbi. Townshend had fallen back with his heroic Sixth Division before superior forces, who, but for his imperturbable skill and the incredible steadiness of the troops, would have enveloped him. For the first month he was fighting at Kut, and there can be no doubt that Nur-ud-Din had every expectation of reducing the garrison before the end of the year. He must have known of Townshend's painful preoccupation with the problem of supply. It was not until January

24th that the hidden stores of wheat were discovered which gave the little force a new lease of life.

But by this time Lake had succeeded Nixon, and Aylmer had fought three tragic battles with no success. Mr. Candler leaves us in some doubt as to his final judgment on Sir John Nixon. While he sees the blunder of the advance on Baghdad, and rightly traces it to the certainty that we could less easily have held Baghdad than we did Kut for nearly five months, he seems to view with some approval the picture of this land-Nelson with his blind eye on the Turkish reinforcements. But it was Aylmer's failures which laid bare the effects of that error; and we cannot wholly lay it to Nixon's charge, though he had some share in it. Aylmer, of course, acted under orders, and these were inspired by the belief that Townshend's limit would be reached on January 15th. The troops were, therefore, flung in piecemeal as they arrived on the spot. "Nothing could exceed the muddle at Ali Gharbi," and the same must be said of the atmosphere of the battle of Sheikh Saad. The 3rd Indian (Meerut) Division was on the river; but ten days could not be lost waiting for them. Sheikh Saad was a rush against skilful entrenchments, and the result was 4,262 casualties. There were beds for some 250, and one stretcher for every fifty wounded. The division's field ambulances were on the high seas. Three doctors and a hospital assistant found themselves in charge of 1,000 wounded. The men lay out in the cold night without cover or attendance or food. "Sahib, the blood will not stop running. I am growing faint." "Sahib, I am cold; cannot I have a blanket or coat?" Such were the cries of these superb troops who had looked out scornfully at the Arabs that morning. The "lucky" ones had the springless transport carts which jolted a gratuitous torture into their pain-wracked bodies. In the middle of the action of Umm-el-Hannah it began to rain and poured in torrents the whole night. "For collective misery the night of the 21st is probably unparalleled since the Crimea in the history of sufferings endured by the British Army." These men, some of them the flower of our race, the Black Watch, the Buffs, the Hampshires, had just come through an ordeal which, fortunately, few can appreciate except those who have faced it. They had been called upon to advance over flat, treeless ground against skilful entrenchments; and, later on, wounded and infinitely weary, they were left out in paddles under a pitiless rain. Many succumbed; some were even drowned. It is a pity everyone cannot read this book with its simple description of what war can be when the soldiers really give themselves to it.

There were other scenes such as the dramatic night march of 20,000 men across eighteen miles of desert country to Dujaila, in the wake of a pioneer who checked his distances by his paces and his direction by compass and the stars. The distance was counter-checked by a bicycle, which, very characteristically, had no cyclometer, and had to be watched by picked men to determine the revolutions. There were more abortive attempts to relieve Kut before Townshend gave in, and there appeared on the scene the other great military figure cast up by the campaign. Townshend was a great soldier; but in Maude there was something of genius, and his lofty character made a deep impression upon all his command. He at once distinguished himself from every other soldier who had tried his fortunes in Mesopotamia by refusing to move until he was quite ready. He was a master of detail. Maude had four divisions at his disposal, and when he advanced in December, for the first time in the history of the campaign, the Army could be thoroughly supplied, and preparations had been made for all emergencies. After a swift night ride to the Hai, there was a period of heavy fighting, until at length the troops crossed at Shumran bend and the strong lines at Sanna-i-Yat before which so much British blood had been outpoured became a trap. For weeks the positions had been bombarded, but when the shelling was over, and the Turks manned the parapets for the infantry attack, the guns opened fire again, and the Turkish force suffered a continual thinning. When the river had been crossed in their rear their retreat was remarkably rapid. In eight hours they had covered the twenty miles to Shumran. On the morning of February 25th the British gunboats steamed up the river with their decks cleared. The next day saw the last serious fight, until March 7th found the Turks standing on the Diala. It was the gunboats which turned the retreat into a rout. Prisoners were taken in great num-

Children of Light

THE politics of the "Daily Herald" is Labour. But it will be more than a great Labour Daily.

Its promoters think that they are children of light, but they are also wise in their generation, and the "Daily Herald" will therefore be not only a first-class Labour newspaper, but a first-class newspaper of any sort.

It will give all the news of the movement; it will give all the news of the world.

The Labour Party is out to create a new life in England, which will not stop at altering the wages people earn and the houses in which they live, but will radically alter the conditions of art, sport and amusement so that they will no longer be a veneer upon the dirty walls of life, but grow out of its health and well-being.

The Labour Party has its own point of view towards all these interests, and they

will have their place day by day in the "Daily Herald."

Listen, Newsagents! Everybody who is interested in the Labour movement, whether because he loves it or hates it, must read the "Daily Herald." Afterwards, they will read it because they like it.

OUT NEXT MONDAY
PRICE ONE PENNY
EDITED BY GEORGE LANSBURY

REMINDE YOUR NEWSAGENT
ABOUT YOUR COPY



The DAILY HERALD

C.W.H.

Now Ready. Crown 8vo., Cloth, 3/6 net.
DRAMATIC VISTAS.
By William Gerard.
London: Elkin Mathews, Cork Street, W.1.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.
IDEAL RESIDENCE. RESIDENT PHYSICIAN.
Sun Lounge. Turkish Baths. Massage. Lift.

Authority: the Fundamental Problem of Society.

A COURSE OF LECTURES on this subject will be given by Mr. Homer Lane (of the Little Commonwealth), at the Central Hall, Westminster. On Tuesday, April 1st, at 8 p.m. Subject: "Education." Price of Tickets for last Lecture: Reserved, 4s.; Unreserved, 2s. 6d., from the Women's International League, 14, Bedford Row, W.C.1. Telephone: Holborn 5498.

A REMARKABLE BOOK.

Charming in Style ... Magical in Interest

Theodore Roosevelt said:—

"Mr. Beebe's volume is one of the rare books which represent a positive addition to the sum total of genuine literature."

"Beebe as bomber has sailed in planes over the German lines... To him the jungle seemed peaceful... in language which has all the charm of an essay of Robert Louis Stevenson he tells of bird and beast and plant and insect"...

READY WEDNESDAY.

JUNGLE PEACE.

By WILLIAM BEEBE. ILLUSTRATED, 8s. net.
LONDON: WITHERBY & CO.

SYNDICALISM AND PHILOSOPHICAL REALISM.

NOW READY.

A STUDY IN THE CORRELATION OF CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL TENDENCIES.

By J. W. SCOTT, Lecturer in Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. Demy 8vo., cloth; price 10s. net.

A new connection has been springing up between Philosophy and Labour, and the situation is full of interest.

The revolutionary element in Labour is looking to certain recent Philosophy, thinking to find itself reinforced there. Why? What does it want? And is this which it wants to be found there?

This is the problem which is here confronted by the philosopher. And the finding is that the revolutionaries are justified. They are going to the right quarter. This phase of philosophy does really invite them. It invites the constructions they are putting upon it. This, whatever we may think of its merits has philosophy; whether with the Author, we think it fallacious and condemn it, or whether we think otherwise.

A. & C. BLACK, LTD., Soho Square, LONDON, W.1.

bers, for the treacherous Arabs had turned on the Turks. The stand on the DIALA was the last resistance below Baghdad, and the British troops very gallantly endeavoured to cross at once, but were held up three days. Baghdad entered, Maude little by little established his position, striking now towards the north, now on one of his flanks. When he died on November 18th his work was complete, and he had left his mark upon history, and in the hearts of all who knew him. From one point of view he seemed to be all brain; from another all heart. And it is clear that no one who had not great qualities of heart as well as of brain could have re-written the history of the Mesopotamian campaign as he did. General Marshall, who succeeded Maude, rounded off the episode by the capture of the whole Tigris force at Qalah Shergat on October 31st, 1918.

Mr. Candler's book is in some ways unique among the memoirs of correspondents. He never loses his balance as to the importance of the campaign he is describing. Its *role* was essentially subsidiary, and the decision to advance beyond Qurna was not conditioned by the needs of the case. Maude's campaign was the debt paid to our wounded self-respect. But a golden mirage lies over these countries, and Mr. Candler responds to its romance. His is a luminous record, by an accomplished writer and a careful observer. It seems hardly more than fitting to read of "Stalky's" (General Dunsterville's) adventurous expedition to Baku, and this vivid little episode is not the least of many described in these moving volumes.

A SPINSTER LOOKS AT THE WORLD.

"The Notebooks of a Spinster Lady." (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)

PRAISE of maiden ladies is as inspiring as it is rare. When a critic as eloquent as de Quincey advised those who would desire to read "our noble language in its native beauty, picturesque from idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate yet sinewy in its composition" to "steal the mail-bags and break open all the letters in female handwriting," it may surprise a few, but should certainly encourage a large and growing body to learn that the best letters will have been written by "that class who combine more of intelligence, cultivation, and of thoughtfulness than any other in Europe—the class of unmarried women above twenty-five." Mature and agreeable unmarried ladies, however, even in the unemancipated nineteenth century, did not need to bury all their talents in the mail-bag. Socially, the spinster was, and is, the salted almond of the dinner party. A free lance, uncantered by the married woman's secret doubt, she flits securely from house to house, cracking uncensored her little joke, conscious that she is valued for herself alone. Not for her the conjugal check: "No, no, my dear; it was the Bishop not the Dean—let me finish the story. . . .", the gynecological confidences, the envious comparisons of Peter and of Joan. Free of parental cares she can browse uninterrupted on the fruits of learning, can study politics, cultivate the arts, and bestow a warm but irresponsible affection on her friends, her nephews, and her nieces. Such were the opportunities open to the writer of these notebooks, a maiden lady of means and leisure, who knew everybody and went everywhere in the wide, small circle of cultivated people which represented the best of English society between the years of 1878 and 1903. A musician, a strong character, and a good listener, she divided her powers of expression between her piano and her diary.

No one who did not listen to her playing can estimate the sweetness of those unheard melodies; nor, at a distance of so many years, is it really easier to judge the brilliance of the departed conversation which occupies so many pages of this diary. Sparkling talk, like the bubbles of the champagne on which so much of its success depends, exhilarates for the moment only. Jokes which the gods love die young. So that whilst the diarist records faithfully everything in the conversation of her friends that has amused her, the once frothing vintage, poured off, and coated with the dust of years, has a flavor that to connoisseurs of the comic spirit will taste indubitably flat. Again, gossip to be worth its salt should be both contemporary and indiscreet; and, fortunately for her friends but less fortunately for posterity, the spinster lady seems to have set down very little in malice.

Perhaps the nearest approach to acidity with regard to still living persons is found in the anecdotes of Rosalind, Lady Carlisle, whose mother, Lady Stanley of Alderley, remarked at the conclusion of her visit: "Well, goodbye my dear, and thank you for all your hospitality. It is only by the grace of God that I leave your house neither a Tory nor a drunkard." At the election for the North Riding of Yorkshire Lady Carlisle appeared—

"clad in yellow from head to foot, and, when the Liberal candidate was defeated, walked back to the station turning round occasionally to wave a yellow handkerchief defiantly at the face of the crowd. 'I would die on a barricade for the sake of the people!' she exclaimed on one occasion. 'Yes, my dear,' said a shrewd old lady who was present, 'but you would put on a peeress's coronet to do it in.'"

Though of the dead one may speak evil with impunity, very few scandalous chronicles will bear the test of time to which so many diaries, like the eleven stout note-books of Mr. Augustus Hare, shown to the writer of these memoirs, have to be subjected.

"Do you mean to publish all this?" I asked; for some of the stories were very queer. "Not in my life-time," he replied. "Several people must die first. . . ." Then he began to laugh, and said, "Last year I lent this house to my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Hare, of whom I am very fond. While I was in London my servants happened to want some particular paper—some document of some sort—and I wrote to Theodore telling him it was in a certain drawer in my study, and asking him to be so good as to look it out and give it to them. This he did, and I thought no more about it. But when I got home I went to this same drawer and found lying conspicuously at the top of everything a paper inscribed by me with these words:

To Die
Mr. Theodore Hare
Mrs. Theodore Hare
&c., &c."

No such necessity is evident here. The descendants (if any) of the late Lady Cork, for instance, can hardly be perturbed to read of the harmless eccentricity which made the old lady rather an embarrassing guest:—

"Why did you slip away?" asked the hostess of General Gascoine, "just as I was going to introduce you to Lady Cork?" "Oh, Lady Cork and I are already acquainted," replied General Gascoine; "and there is a little awkwardness between us, since the last time she was in my house she took a pair of sheets. . . ." Sir Charles Murray, when a small boy, had often heard of Lady Cork's peculiarity, and was playing by himself one day in the drawing-room, when she was announced. He hastily hid behind a curtain, and while the servant went off to announce the visitor to his mother, watched her Ladyship going round the room. One after another she picked up little silver objects of value and laid them down again. At last she came to the mantelpiece, on which his mother had placed a fine juicy orange intended for him. This orange Lady Cork took up and slipped into her pocket, a sight which was really more than little Murray could bear. Forgetting all about his hiding place, he cried out, "Oh, Lady Cork, please don't take that!" Lady Cork slowly withdrew the orange from her pocket.

Whilst even Lord Hugh Cecil will have lived down the memory of his godless great-grandmother, known as "the wicked Lady Salisbury," because she played cards on Sunday and never went to church. On one occasion she made the attempt, but so mistook the hour that she reached the church-door just as the congregation was coming out. "Oh well, my dear," she said to her daughter. "Anyway, we've done the civil thing."

The spinster lady's political and religious sympathies are, as might naturally be expected, pious and conservative. She writes with an appropriate shudder of the French Revolution, refers to Parnell as "the agitator," and shows no great affection for Mr. Gladstone. A close friend of Dean Farrer's and Canon MacColl, she has many anecdotes of the gruff manner and downright character of Archbishop Temple, at whose house she was a constant guest. She stayed with Tennyson at Farringford, and records conversations with Trollope, Ruskin, Whistler, and Watts. Lions, unfortunately, do not roar to order, and the most memorable sayings are not always from the most gifted mouths. The best story in this collection is the thrilling adventure of Sir Harry Parkes in the Third Chinese War, a miraculous series of escapes worthy of the "Arabian Nights," vividly and dramatically described. Excellent, too, are some of the ghost stories of Mr. Hare; while the (very) few who have not heard it before will enjoy the celebrated nocturnal repartee of the wife of the poet Wordsworth.

THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC
& THE DRAMA.



THE ATHENÆUM, having devoted two years to problems of National Reconstruction, now returns to its former character as a critical Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science and the Arts. Its scope will be considerably extended within these provinces. It will appear on Friday, April 4th, as

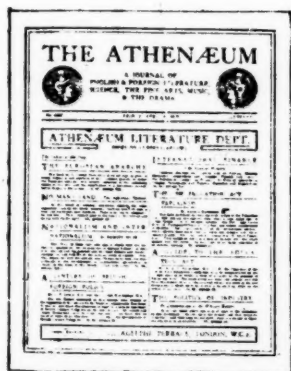
A SIXPENNY WEEKLY

THE ATHENÆUM will contain, in addition to informed reviews of English publications, and an annotated List of Books published during the week, regular critical articles upon Music, Art, and the Drama, and original work in prose and poetry. Beyond this it will aim at giving a continuous critical record of Foreign Books, which will be supplemented by periodical articles from foreign correspondents dealing with contemporary developments of Art and thought abroad.

THE ATHENÆUM will thus provide a comprehensive survey of Ideas in Great Britain and throughout the world, which will be indispensable for all who desire to keep themselves abreast of the intellectual activities of the Age.

To THE ATHENÆUM of APRIL 4

THOMAS HARDY CONTRIBUTES A POEM



The Contents will also include :

The First of a Series of Letters by ANTON TCHEKOV.

"The Resurrection of Music," by EDWARD J. DENT.

"Lady Hester Stanhope," the first of a series of Biographical articles by LYTTON STRACHEY.

"The Wisdom of Anatole France," by J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

EVERY FRIDAY—PRICE SIXPENCE

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"A Chair on the Boulevard." By LEONARD MERRICK. With an Introduction by A. NEIL LYONS. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)

It is to be feared that the commendable courage of the publishers in issuing a collected edition of the works of Leonard Merrick, and the loyalty of the first-rate artists who take pleasure in introducing a brother artist to a public which has been strangely shy of him, are not getting the deserved attention. But this chair on the boulevard, with Mr. Neil Lyons' explanatory over its back, as it were, is an episode in the republication of Mr. Merrick's works which must not be allowed to pass without notice. Mr. Neil Lyons is not altogether overdoing the showman's part when he describes "The Tragedy of a Comic Song," the first of the short stories of this volume, "the funniest story of the century." It is safe to say that if one has read this story at all, one has read it several times—which is to confess that its singular merits do not depend on the surprise at the end of the story. Leonard Merrick has in this volume several stories which some of his brother artists know by heart. But the humanity and humor of the book, and its surprises—to say nothing of its excellent craftsmanship—ought to be known to a much larger public.

* * *

"America in France." By Lieut.-Col. FREDERICK PALMER S.C., U.S.A. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

LIEUT.-COL. PALMER describes the part the American armies took in the fighting in France. It is neither better nor worse than the majority of war correspondents' books, and it contains material which will no doubt be useful for reference. There is a throatiness in the telling of this narrative. We hear "hot cries" accompanying "the flashing drive of the cold steel." The reader, it is conceivable, will also experience a hot and cold sensation as he reads: "Youth, transcendent in its white rage of determination, bore down upon them (the Germans) and gathered them in, or, again, drove the bayonet home into gunners who stuck to their guns until the instant that forms with eyes gleaming leapt at them." The meaning of this sentence has not "leapt" at us, but possibly it is crouched for its spring. Occasionally our author moralizes: "As between taking an enemy's life and having your life or the life of a comrade risked, you take the enemy's life. This is efficient war-making; and the process works out, without deliberation, when blood is hot." All good military sense, no doubt, but we have had so much of it that, for a change, we wish for a book by a war correspondent whose blood is not permanently at-boiling-point.

* * *

"War Pensions: Past and Present." By Judge PARRY and Lieut.-General Sir A. E. CODRINGTON. (Nisbet. 5s.)

WHETHER or not a man who has served his country in time of trouble and suffered in the service be entitled to a pension, pensions having been instituted for the purpose, would seem a simple question to an unsophisticated mind innocent of that impalpable "legal aspect" which is inseparable from the civilized codes. But pensions are as complicated as any of our affairs. If a man, deliberately submitting to conscription, leaves his work and his family and discovers, when a soldier, a weak spot in his constitution, how are we to know whether the weakness arose after he joined the Army, or was of old standing and merely aggravated by service? Such men must be watched. In this book the authors give the result of their experience as members of a Pensions Appeal Tribunal formed to determine certain specified appeals from the decision of officers of the Ministry of Pensions. They have made considerable historical research, and their descriptions of the origin and development of war pensions, the Royal Patriotic Fund, and the new Ministry, and their summary of Tribunal decisions in which questions of general principles arose will be of great use to all interested in the study or administration of pensions.

Dealing with the Royal Patriotic Fund, the writers, after pointing out that the Commissioners throughout their

career laid stress on the fact that they were doing out of a charity and not fulfilling an obligation, mention the case of a gentleman who joined the Commission as honorary secretary, but who during the seven years of his service had received a salary of £600 a year. He retired in 1867 on a pension of £300 a year, which he continued to enjoy for twenty years. He retired from the Navy in the same year and received a pension of £1 a day, augmented in 1869 to 25s. a day. "Generosity of this kind, at the expense of the fund," comment the authors, "though no doubt well deserved by the recipient, contrasted unfavorably with the allowance of 5s. a week to widows who had to prove that they were 'unable to maintain or support themselves' without it, and risked the loss of it if they married again."

The Week in the City.

ACCORDING to the latest report from Paris, the American financial advisers have come to the conclusion that, if Germany were allowed to feed itself and resume trade, it might be able to pay sixty millions a year in the way of indemnity. They further suggest that this might go on for twelve years. This would mean an indemnity (by instalments) of 720 millions—just about half the Belgian claim, for which priority is demanded. Lieut.-Colonel Claud Lowther, M.P., however, has shown conclusively (!) how Germany might pay the 25 thousand millions sterling which Mr. Lloyd George suggested as a fair indemnity. The City has a shrewd suspicion that the Lowther proposition won't be realised, and that the British Government will not get much more money out of Germany than it got out of the Boers. So Consols continue to decline, and the French loans go lower. The Italian Exchange has now been released from control, and we must expect large fluctuations before bottom is reached. However, some money will be saved, and anything is better than an artificial rate. I gather that the British Treasury has instructed Messrs. Morgan not to use any more British money for the purpose of propping up the War Exchanges between New York and London. Now that the Tories in the House of Lords are bestirring themselves, there does seem to be some slight hope of retrenchment in spite of Mr. Churchill. There is still a good demand for loans in the Money Market. Thursday's Bank return showed a diminution in the Reserve.

GRAND TRUNK.

The Grand Trunk shareholders now know from Mr. Smithers the exact difference between the Dominion Government's offer to them and their offer to the Government. The terms the Grand Trunk Board ask for are an annual payment of £977,000, with arbitration as to further payment, or of £1,163,000 without arbitration. The Dominion Government on the other hand offers £500,000 for the first three years, £600,000 for the succeeding five years, and £740,000 per annum thereafter. There is a wide gulf between the two. The Government's terms look like an honest attempt to translate into figures the terms suggested by the famous Drayton-Acworth Commission's report, namely, "a moderate but substantial percentage of \$3,600,000." Mr. Smithers, in his speech at the Cannon Street Hotel, on March 21st, made the most of his two strong points (a) that the abnormal conditions of the past five years have brought matters to a crisis; (b) that the Grand Trunk has not received financial support from the Dominion Government comparable to that received by other Canadian Railways. True. But before Mr. Smithers can expect to get his terms conceded, he must meet and refute the very strong charges of mismanagement brought against his Board by the Drayton-Acworth report. He did not attempt to do so in his speech. Shareholders, too, should examine these charges, and ask the Board for its defence against them before lending themselves to any charge of "bad faith" against the Dominion Government.

LEVER BROTHERS.

It is safe to say that this huge and prosperous concern earned increased profits in 1918, though an exact comparison with 1917 is made impossible by an unfortunate change in the form of presenting accounts. For 1917 the profit balance was stated as £1,608,778, and allowances for depreciation, &c., were made out of this sum to the tune of about £275,000. For 1918, the profit balance of £1,553,589 was struck "after allowing for repairs, renewals, alterations, depreciation, and insurance," the amount of which is not stated. Co-partnership dividends absorbed £206,143 in 1918, while in 1917 "prosperity sharing with employees" took only £130,834, so that the employees of Lever Brothers are doing well, as also are the Ordinary shareholders, whose dividend is raised from 15 per cent. to 17½ per cent. In the last dozen years Lever's issued capital has risen from £4½ millions to £17 millions, but the company's wonderful expansion has more than kept pace. In the current year the million preference shares issued last November will rank for full dividend, but judging by past history, one expects to see that the new capital thus provided has been lucratively employed.

LUCCELLUM.

out a
ase si
secre
e had
on a
py for
year
369 to
xpense
ot well
th the
t they
out it,

merican
ermany
able to
further
d mean
half the
Colonel
' how
which
ity has
on't be
t much
rs. So
lower.
ol, and
eachd.
er than
ry has
money
between
ouse of
e some
There
Thurs.

m Mr.
Govern-
t. The
payment
or of
ment on
£600,000
ereafter.
's terms
he terms
s report,
00,000."
otel, on
that the
matters
financial
to that
fore Mr.
ust meet
brought
did not
, should
e against
d faith"

concern
mparison
ge in the
ance was
&c., were
For 1918.
owing for
nce," the
dividends
ring with
of Lever
eholders,
cent. In
from £4
expansion
e million
for full
see that
mployed.